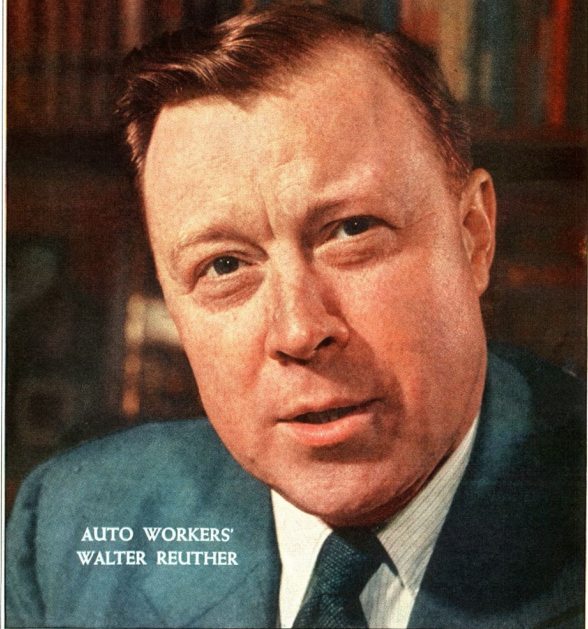


TWENTY CENTS

JUNE 20, 1955

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



AUTO WORKERS'
WALTER REUTHER

JOHN L. HARRIS

\$6.00 A YEAR

(ISSN 0020-7179)

VOL. LXV NO. 25

Wrap up in a sea-breeze and Relax



Dream with the dream-blue sky in your deck-chair. Feast your sea-appetite with the world-famed French cuisine. Enjoy the crowded hours of gay entertainment for your pleasure.

Indeed, before the first day is down the horizon, you've caught the contagious spirit of a sparkling French holiday.

Aren't you ready *now* to give yourself this enchanted voyage to Europe? Consult your Authorized French Line Travel Agent.



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RESEARCH KEEPS

B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER



It chews up a river bed

A typical example of B. F. Goodrich improvement in rubber

BENEATH that water, there's a wonderful supply of stones, gravel and sand—all used in making concrete. They scoop them out of the river bed and into the dredge with a series of metal buckets that work like an escalator. Only one trouble.

The heavy load was just too much for the rubber drive belt that keeps the buckets moving. The belt would stretch. Then everything stopped until it was shortened, fastened back together again. For years, it was the same with every belt tried. They all stretched too much, wore out too soon.

Then a B. F. Goodrich man got them to try a Highflex belt—an im-

proved design that has better resistance to strain, practically no stretch, and many other important advantages your distributor will be glad to demonstrate. You can't see this improved B. F. Goodrich belt at work here—it's below decks. But it has been on the job seven years now—longer than any other belt used before. And it has never stretched, never needed to be shortened.

Product improvement like this is always going on at B. F. Goodrich. New ways are constantly being found to make transmission belting, conveyor belts, hose of all kinds work better, last longer. No product is ever

regarded as "finished" or standardized.

How this cuts your costs: Because of these improvements and because B. F. Goodrich is one company that will *never* lower its quality standards, you can be sure of top performance and real money savings when you specify B. F. Goodrich. To find out about the latest improvements in the rubber products your company uses, call your BFG distributor or write *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Dept. M-444, Akron 18, Ohio.*

B.F. Goodrich
INDUSTRIAL PRODUCTS
DIVISION

When you buy a new car . . . remember

CONSIDER what happens *outside* your windshield and what happens *inside* . . . where you are!

All windshields protect you from wind and cold, rain and snow. Ordinary windshields quit right there.

But a windshield of E-Z-EYE Safety Plate Glass *also shields you from heat and glare*. That distinctive blue tint in E-Z-EYE reduces

incoming solar radiation. And the deeper, neutral blue at the top of the windshield greatly cuts down sky glare.

So you drive relaxed and stop refreshed, not wilted and weary. That's why you'll see E-Z-EYE Safety Glass in most of America's finest cars.

Have E-Z-EYE in *yours*. Chevrolet, Buick, Cadillac, Oldsmobile, Pontiac, Packard, Studebaker and Willys all offer the added comfort of E-Z-EYE Safety Glass at low extra cost.



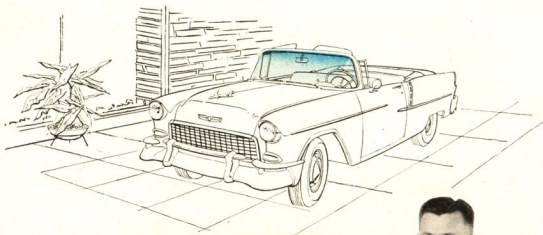
LOOK FOR THIS SIGN when you need Safety Glass replaced in your car. It's a sign of expert workmanship.



E-Z-EYE SAFETY GLASS

with the shaded windshield

there are two sides to every windshield



Reduces Glare, Eyestrain, Sun Heat

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TRY THIS TEST. The part of your arm shielded by E-Z-EYE feels cooler because E-Z-EYE blocks so much solar heat.



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Star of Sonja Henie
Ice Revue
says

"MAYFLOWER service is top performance"



Mayflower standards are the highest in the industry. Mayflower men are carefully trained and schooled. Mayflower Warehouses are in all important cities ready to take complete responsibility for your move. For complete satisfaction, move the safe, dependable Mayflower way. It's thrifty, too!



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Coast to Coast
EXCLUSIVE AGENTS AGENT MAYFLOWER TRANSIT CO.

LETTERS

Bonjour Jeunesse

Sir:

Thank you for "France: The Younger Generation" [May 30]... Only by understanding the thinking of the rest of the world's youth can ours hope to form peace with them.

All is not hopeful in France nor aligned with our standards; yet youth and youth's realizing each other's values can only yield hope...

JOSEPH KABAT JR.

Dartmouth College
Hanover, N.H.

Sir:

French youth, like France, is finding itself just too far advanced in culture to cope with modern problems in the way that the "Harry High School" American Approach provides.

Spiritual individualism, lack of polarized thinking; call it what you will, it is the result of the farthest advance in mental erudition.

JOHN LESLIE GARDNER

Georgetown University
Washington

Sir:

I hope your article on the younger generation of France doesn't evoke the silly, nonsensical remarks of our pseudomoralists that "Sin & Sweden" did. It was interesting, informing...

WILLIAM A. HILLMAN

University of Idaho
Moscow, Idaho

Sir:

This is to tell you that I found your "report" on French youth both vulgar and ignorant...

DAVID FINCH

Bala-Cynwyd, Pa.

Sir:

I have just finished reading "France: The Younger Generation," and I find it most provocative...

What the French student needs is not too different from what the French people need. He needs to be a go-getter, an eager beaver, someone out for a fast buck. Say what you may, it's this kind of person that has brought competition into the U.S. And we all know from our civics books that competition makes us strong...

JOHN WADHAMS

Bloomfield High School
Bloomfield, Conn.

Sir:

The report is particularly right to link social unrest to the housing crisis—if it disappeared, the Communist Party would disappear with it, or very nearly. It is true too that French youths are indifferent to politics, but could they be more indifferent than the average young comics- and baseball-milking American?

What does America offer its youth, apart from material comfort... Can we have a report on American youth, written by a Frenchman?

RUSSELL WARREN HOWE

New York City

Monkey Gland

Sir:

In your Publisher's Letter [May 23] you mentioned an interesting alcoholic concoction, a "Monkey Gland."

Please! Let's... distribute the recipe...

V. J. ROBINSON

Fort Sill, Okla.

Sir:

... We are anxious to serve this drink to our guests...

JOHN L. ROY

The Castle Harbor
Bermuda

Blend three dashes Benedictine, three dashes grenadine, one-third orange juice, two-thirds dry gin. Stir well in ice, strain, serve in tin cup and stay away from organ-grinders.—Ed.

Knight Life (Contd.)

Sir:

When the cover of a news magazine steps out from the field of fine art, it should be a news story in its own right. Never have I been so impressed by—or heard so many comments on—Bohrd's cover of Governor Knight and daughters [May 30]...

DAVE BREGER

West Nyack, N.Y.

Sir:

The cover actually fooled me as I touched it, thinking it was torn. So the *trompe-l'œil* had me yelling "Touché!"

JOSEPH A. CUNNINGHAM

Philadelphia

Sir:

Having spent some time in Republican campaigns, I have long since learned that in

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TIME
June 20, 1955

Volume LXV
Number 25

TIME, JUNE 20, 1955

Far from home...

But close to friends!



When an accident happens and you are far from home, your greatest need is the help of someone who knows what to do and how to do it.

If you are insured in a company of the America Fore Group, you can be sure that no matter where you may be, such a friend is nearby and ready to come to your aid in case of need.

Usually you will find him to be an important citizen in his community who can take over and handle any matters pertaining to your insurance and indeed help you in many personal ways if you need it.

He will be one of America Fore's 40,000 agents or claims men located throughout the country—rendering the service and help you are entitled to expect when you are insured in a capital stock company with nation-wide facilities.

When you buy insurance, only the best will serve.

For the name of a nearby America Fore Agent call Western Union by number and ask for Operator 25.

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INSURANCE GROUP

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- ★ Fidelity-Phenix Fire Insurance Company
- ★ Niagara Fire Insurance Company
- ★ American Eagle Fire Insurance Company
- ★ The Fidelity and Casualty Company of New York

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"TRIP TIPS" booklet.**

It gives useful hints on how to prepare and be safe on your journey.

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AMERICA FORE INSURANCE GROUP
80 Maiden Lane, New York 38, New York

Gentlemen:
For peace of mind while on my trip please send me, without obligation, a copy of "Trip Tips."

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Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Entirely New Golf Ball

Sales to date prove it! The Wilson energized liquid center ball provides the fastest getaway in golf!

- *New green X2F additive* in center sets off power reaction the moment your club touches the ball.
- *New more elastic rubber thread* seems almost alive as it accelerates the power transmission.
- *New dry lubricant* on thread eliminates any chance of reduction in power—makes the rubber strands extra lively under impact.
- *New Wilson cover* makes room for 24 yards more live rubber thread . . . this dynamic new ball leaps off your club face, rolls true for the cup.

This exclusive power construction is in both great Wilson golf balls . . .

ALL-NEW **Wilson Staff**

AND ALL-NEW **Wilson Jet**

WITH EXTRA LARGE NUMERALS FROM 1-12 FOR EASY IDENTIFICATION

Sold through professional golf shops

WILSON SPORTING GOODS CO., CHICAGO • Branch offices in New York, San Francisco and 24 other principal cities.
(A subsidiary of Wilson & Co., Inc.)

politics one must live with one's mistakes. My proposal is that we who encouraged and allowed the rise of Goodwin Knight take full responsibility for him. Let's put the welfare of our country first, and keep Goodie here with us.

RUTH ARNOLD

Pacific Palisades, Calif.

Sir:

Your article . . . was excellent! Do not minimize Knight as a presidential possibility! . . .

Should the Republican presidential field be open with President Eisenhower not running, Goodwin Knight would be the most formidable Republican available. He is dynamic, forthright and honest. There isn't any Republican of national prominence who compares with "Goodie" as a campaigner.

JOE JACOBSON

Lebanon, Tenn.

Sir:

. . . You have cheated the U.S. male (a serious offense), and you have done an injustice to two good-looking gals (an even graver offense): your cover partly obscured



John Engstead

CAROLYN & MARILYN

the faces of California Governor Knight's two charming daughters, Carolyn and Marilyn . . . I think you should run a much better picture of these two young ladies . . .

HENRY J. MEREDITH
Captain, U.S.A.F.

Mather Air Force Base
California

¶ For Captain Meredith and other of-
fended parties, TIME's pretty penance
(see cut).—ED.

Sir:

Time shows a seed package marked "California Poppy, Mixed Colors." The California poppy is a wild flower, and grows only in one color.

I have wagered \$75, winner to donate same to the Boy Scouts, that you will receive —by June 25—in excess of 35 letters drawing your attention to this error, artist's license excluded . . .

NEIL C. NEEDHAM

Los Angeles

¶ If Reader Needham wins his bet (score at press time: one letter), it will not be because he is correct. TIME's poppy is the tamed *Eschscholtzia californica*.—ED.

Fiddle-Faddle

Sir:

True, depredations have exhausted the family atomic survival kit (May 30). But we're still sardine-scared. It's not the

TIME, JUNE 20, 1955



Park Ranger at Glacier National Park

Guardian of Glaciers and Grizzlies...and he works for you!

At Glacier National Park, astride the Continental Divide in Montana's Rockies, you'll see some of the world's most spectacular scenery... rugged peaks, gorges, valleys and some 60 living glaciers. Here you'll find mountain goats, bighorn sheep and grizzly bear... fossils of plants that lived half a billion years ago... Triple Divide Peak from whose slopes water flows to the Pacific, the Gulf of Mexico and the Arctic Ocean.

Guardian of the treasures at Glacier, and throughout the 24 million acres of the National Park System, is the National Park Service Ranger. A dangerous rescue to be made... a forest fire to be fought... a thousand questions to be answered — all these are part of the ranger's job.

From Stephen T. Mather, first director of the Park Service, down to today's ranger in the field, the Man in the Stetson has served the nation well. Davy Crockett, Daniel Boone, Kit Carson and the others can rest easy — their wild, beautiful America is smaller now... but lies secure in hands they'd be proud to shake.

Free TOUR INFORMATION — Ask for our United States Map featuring the National Parks and Monuments. If you would like to drive to any of the National Parks, let us help you plan your trip. Write: Tour Bureau, Sinclair Oil Corporation, 600 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N. Y.

A Salute to the National Park Service

one of the great service agencies of the U.S. Department of the Interior, for its work in the preservation and interpretation of our great national heritage.



SINCLAIR

A Great Name in Oil



AUTRONIC-EYE®

MAKES NIGHT DRIVING

SO-O-O
EASY!

(SO COURTEOUS, TOO!)



End fuss and fumble for the dimmer switch! With Autronic-Eye, headlights are controlled—automatically—for the safest night driving. Courtesy is automatic, too!

GM's famous Autronic-Eye dims your headlights as cars approach . . . then switches them back to bright when all's

clear. And you're free to devote full attention to driving.

So, keep an eye out for your safety. See how easy, safe and courteous night driving can be with Autronic-Eye. Ask for a demonstration at your Cadillac, Oldsmobile, Pontiac or Chevrolet dealer's.



AUTOMATICALLY AT NIGHT

fiddlehead ferns unfolding in Vermont that worry us. It's the fiddleheads fiddling along the Potomac.

DOUG BAKER

Portland, Ore.

Criminal & Moral Codes

Sir:

In your May 30 issue, I was pleased and interested in your article concerning the American Law Institute's recommendation that sodomy as well as adultery be removed from the list of crimes against the peace and dignity of the state. This is certainly a step in the right direction toward a much needed revision of most of the states' penal codes . . .

JAMES T. RUSSELL

Milwaukee

Sir:

. . . The penal codes in the United States are probably the most flagrant infringements of personal liberties that exist, and it is fine to see that we have thinking jurists who recommend that our churches, schools and parental influences should guide our morals . . .

STANLEY MARTIN

Evansville, Ind.

Sir:

I am astounded that anybody with the ability to read can still think the way Judge Hand does . . . If sodomy is a matter of taste, why not murder? . . .

WILLIAM L. MAIER

Webster, N.Y.

Outsized

Sir:

A 3,000-liter Ferrari (June 6) is too much even for the great Ascari!

CHRISTOPHER JAMES

New Haven, Conn.

¶ TIME erred a thousandfold, should have said 3,000 cc.—Ed.

Engineer Problem

Sir:

Bravo for your account, "The Engineer Shortage," in the May 30 issue. We know we are in the front line, and your article helps to show many how thin it is . . .

FRANCIS G. YATES

Colorado Springs, Colo.

Sir:

As an ex-engineer, I place the blame for the shortage on low pay. While the starting rate offered at colleges is high, progress thereafter is slow. Only a few specialists, due to demand shifts, can command salary ranges that are common to executives, salesmen and owners of small businesses. My work requires less effort but pays more, and offers more freedom than when I was an engineer. In addition, I do not have to live in a dirty industrial town.

STUART CAMPBELL

Miami

Sir:

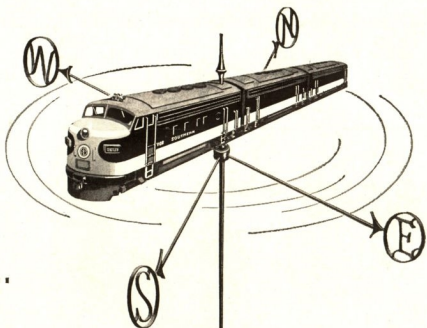
Your article . . . was passed around to a number of engineers in our office. They are agreed that it covers the subject nicely, but all commented on one sentence: ". . . ten years out of college, the average bachelor-of-science engineer earns only about \$750 a month . . ."

If you know any firms or agencies who are willing to pay that much for an engineer with ten years' experience, please let me know. I can guarantee his shortage will be alleviated by one engineer . . .

DONALD T. MYLAR

Euclid, Ohio

In
every
direction...



Modern rail service for the modern South!

"The Southern Serves the South" is more than a slogan. It is a simple statement of fact.

Southern Railway System's 8,000-mile network of lines serves every state but one south of the Potomac and Ohio Rivers and east of the Mississippi. It connects almost every major city in the Southland to traffic gateways leading to the rest of America.

It takes a combination of *all kinds* of economic advantages to bring about industrial growth such as the South has seen in recent years. One of these advantages is the modern, dependable, ever-improving transportation service of the railway that "Serves the South."

"Look Ahead — Look South!"

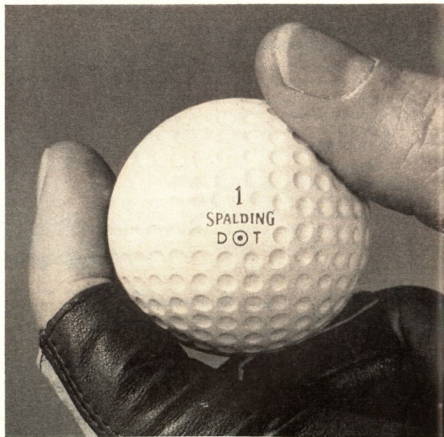
Harry A. D. Butler
President

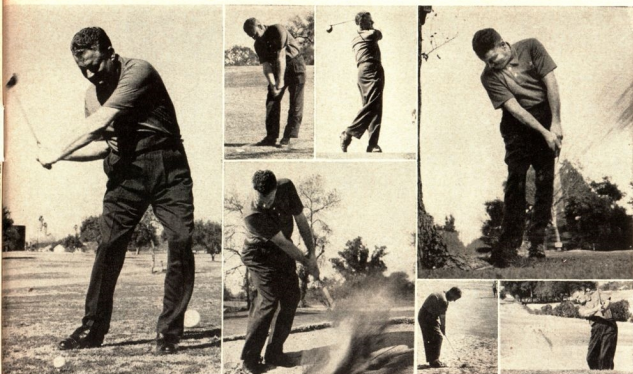


SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Southern Serves the South





← THIS NEW SPALDING DOT WITH THE DURA-THIN COVER

was hammer-tested by Jimmy Thomson for 30 rugged holes!

This is an actual, unretouched picture of the new DOT® with the DURA-THIN® cover taken right as it came from hard-hitting Jimmy Thomson's murderous 30-hole test, in which he used *every club* in the bag.

This test, made at California's San Gabriel Country Club, shows why the new DURA-THIN cover makes it *by far* the most scuff-resistant, high-compression ball you can buy.

See for yourself how perfectly it stood up, resisted scuffing and cutting, even from a bare tight lie.

The DOT's exclusive DURA-THIN cover provides greater compactness for longer play. Here's *amazing new durability*. Yes, it's a *high-compression ball*.

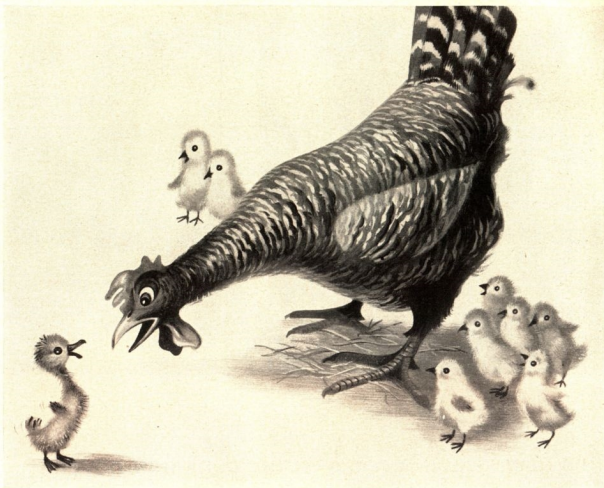
Here's an absolutely uniform ball, too . . . in distance and accuracy. You'll gain new confidence knowing all your DOTs play alike.

Ask your golf professional to show you this great new Spalding DOT, with its "sweet feel" and famous DOT "click." It's the finest ball in play on *any* course today. DOT golf balls are sold through golf professionals only.

*Play Spalding clubs and balls...
golf's most winning combination*



SPALDING
SETS THE PACE IN SPORTS



You can't get stuck with an "ugly duckling" purchase when you buy Sylvania money-back fluorescents!

So an egg is an egg?

Maybe on the outside, sure. But wait 'til hatching-out time. That's when you really know what you've got.

Buying fluorescent lamps used to be an only-time-will-tell affair, too. You know, even a lighting expert can't accurately chart the life of a new lamp just by looking at it. You can't tell which are the "ugly ducklings" that'll blacken at the ends and burn out young, and which are the bright beauties that'll keep on giving their all, year after year.

Now Sylvania has changed all that. Here's our proposition, and it holds whether you buy ten lamps or ten thousand:

We'll buy back, *at the price you paid*, any Sylvania fluorescent lamps that do not, in your opinion, outperform any other fluorescent lamps you're using on the basis of uniformity of performance and appearance, maintained brightness, and life.

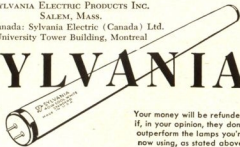
This lets *you* be the judge. Order Sylvania fluorescents, with the "money-back" certificate, from your Sylvania supplier today.

How can we do it? That's easy. We know how good Sylvania fluorescent lamps are. We prove them against other brands, burning them night and day in a year-in, year-out light test. And we're constantly working on improvements to keep Sylvania fluorescents ahead of competition. We're taking no chances—and neither are you, when you buy from Sylvania.

SYLVANIA ELECTRIC PRODUCTS INC.
SALEM, MASS.

In Canada: Sylvania Electric (Canada) Ltd.
University Tower Building, Montreal

SYLVANIA



Your money will be refunded if, in your opinion, they don't outperform the lamps you're now using, as stated above.

TIME

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TIME, JUNE 20, 1955

PUBLISHER'S LETTER

Dear TIME-Reader:

MY six-year-old son had his polio shot . . . and seven days later, he got sick," Mrs. R. M. Adams of Puen-ten, Calif. wrote to us. She added an hour-by-hour report on her son's symptoms and made a fervent appeal for advice about polio vaccine. "I'm writing to you because TIME is the only place we were able to get any good information."

Other worried mothers, we have heard, were told by family physicians: "You can get as much information as I have by reading TIME's MEDICINE section."

Last week at the American Medical Association convention in Atlantic City, many doctors buttonholed and commended the man most responsible for TIME's continued accurate coverage of Dr. Jonas E. Salk's vaccine. That man is Gilbert Cant, 45, TIME's MEDICINE editor for the past six years, a TIME writer and correspondent for five years before that. Writing the cover story on Dr. Salk (March 29, 1954) gave British-born Editor Cant a searching interest in the Salk vaccine. In recent months, he has been reporting week by week on the use of the vaccine, "calling the shots as I see them and narrowing down on the essentials."

His most essential and informative story, *Premature & Crippled*, appears in this week's MEDICINE section.

WHEN TIME did its first cover on Labor Leader WALTER P. REUTHER (Dec. 3, 1945), the researcher on the story was Blanche Finn. Last week, as NATIONAL AFFAIRS Writer George de Carvalho wrote the second Reuther cover, his researcher also was Blanche

Finn. In between, she worked on cover stories about the A.F.L.'s late President WILLIAM GREEN, the C.I.O.'s late President PHILIP MURRAY, the A.F.L.'s new President GEORGE MEANY, the Musicians' JAMES C. PETRILLO and the Maritime Union's JOE CURRAN, among

others. As a result, she is on a first-name basis with most of the U.S.'s top labor leaders and has picked up a journeyman's knowledge of half a dozen trades.

Researcher Finn knew about unionism and unions before she came to TIME, twelve years ago. She learned in labor's own school of hard knocks. She handed out leaflets at the gates of industrial plants and once got roughed



Marjorie Beck

MEDICINE EDITOR CANT



Blanche Finn

RESEARCHER FINN

up on a picket line. David Dubinsky hired her as an organizer for his A.F.L. garment workers, and Sidney Hillman hired her away to write for his C.I.O. clothing workers' *Advance*.

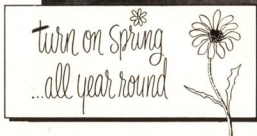
For her research on TIME's last labor cover story about the A.F.L.'s Meany (March 21), former C.I.O.-A.F.L. Employee Finn received congratulations all around. Wrote a C.I.O. chauffeur: "Nice work, kid, on that Meany piece . . ."

Cordially yours,

James A. Linen

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AMERICAN-Standard

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY

Time for Remembering

His step was springy, his shoulders squared, his eyes aglint with reminiscence as he strode on to the West Point parade ground to review the Corps of Cadets. He wore the inevitable dented grey hat, a grey suit with a black, gold and grey arm band, and a West Point medal surmounted by the name plate: EISENHOWER '15. Forty-four years before, "Eisenhower from Kansas, sir," the man in grey mufti had

peppered, garlic-salted, cooked eleven minutes on one side and eight minutes on the other in a charcoal pit—followed by Sicilian pastry, cream-filled and dripping with time ice, Teary-eyed, the old soldiers chorused their *Alma Mater* and venerated favorites like *The Corps*:

*The Corps! Bareheaded salute it,
With eyes up, thanking our God.*

"There's My Old Flag!" At the West Point Museum, the President pored over Custer's last battle map of the Little Big

across the Channel, and the day my son was graduated from West Point."

At a garden party behind the Superintendent's Quarters, the President accepted the class of 1955 edition of *Howitzer*, the academy's yearbook. Forty years before to the week, almost to the day, graduating Cadet Eisenhower had read of himself in *Howitzer*: "This is Señor Dwight David Eisenhower, gentleman . . . who claims to have the best authority for the statement that he is the handsomest man in the Corps . . . At any rate, you'll have to



MEMBERS OF WEST POINT'S CLASS OF 1915®
A man can be strong, but he can be mild.

George Skadding—Life

enrolled at West Point, class of 1915, after a couple of years' hard slogging at shocking grain, forking wild ponies and stoking fires at an Abilene creamery.

Amid the Gothic battlements of West Point, President Eisenhower was marking time with his memories last week, relaxed and more thoroughly happy than he had been for a very long time. The class of 1915 was the one "the stars fell on," and 40 of its 59 generals were on hand for its 40th reunion—among them Bradley, Stratemeyer, Harmon, Van Fleet. On hand, too, was Mamie Eisenhower, looking well in summer prints; she seemed to know everyone there.

At the class reunion dinner, the President and his classmates savored double-thick steaks—one of them specially salted,

Horn country, and the courier's note that brought his last despairing cry for reinforcements. "Oh, look at this," cried the President, spying "Little Phil" Sheridan's gold-plated Winchester. Then, through an open doorway, the President spotted the flaming-sword emblem of his Supreme Headquarters in Europe, and he blurted: "Oh, by gosh, there's my old flag. I'd forgotten I sent that up here." Afterward, the President noted to a couple of cadets that the day was June 6, "a big day in my life. This is D-day, the day we attacked

give it to him that he is well developed abdominally. In common with most fat men, he is an enthusiastic and sonorous devotee of the King of Indoor Sports, and roars homage to the shrine of Morpheus on every possible occasion . . . At one time he threatened to get interested in life and won his 'A' by being the most promising back in Eastern football—but the Tufts game broke his knee and the promise. Now Ike must content himself with tea, tiddlywinks and talk, at all of which he excels . . ."

"Something of the Heart." West Point last week was a place for remembering. One day the mist clung low toward Constitution Island, where General Washington's men laid the two iron chains across the Hudson that kept the Royal Navy

* At left foreground, Canton, Ohio's Judge Adolf Unger; across table from President Eisenhower, General of the Army Omar Bradley; behind Bradley's left shoulder, the Rev. E. M. Hartigan of Everett, Mass.; beside him, General Joseph T. McNarney.

out of Highland waters, and white clouds puffed and scudded like shellbursts around the big rock cliffs. Along with about 800 other ex-cadets, the President marched in the traditional alumni parade, slow-paced at 60 steps to the minute so that the older men could keep up. Watching over the parade was the academy's oldest living graduate, 95-year-old Major General Henry Clay Hodges Jr., class of 1881, and it was a very gay proceeding. "Oh look," the President yelled, when he saw Mamie applauding with the crowd; the President doffed the dented grey hat and swept it gracefully across his middle, essaying a courtly bow. "Hey, Ike," came a shout from another quarter, and there stood Richard and James ("Shorty") Walsh, wizened, pixylike Irishmen who had worked 50 years in the West Point tailor's shop, and remembered fitting the Eisenhower uniform when the President was a plebe back in 1911. For a military man it was an unexpected thing to do, but the President broke ranks at once, jog-trotted clear out of the parade, and began gagging with the Walshes; when he subsequently caught up with the slow-marching alumni, he grinned and noted his unimpaired lapse: "Let's not mess this up."

"Leadership," the President said in a speech after lunch that day in the high-ceilinged Washington Hall, does not consist of calling names and desk-pounding but of "something of the heart and head. Bad deportment is never to be confused with strength of character. If a man is sure of himself and the integrity of the processes he has used to reach his decision, he can be strong, but he can be mild."

"You'll Do, All Right." On his last day at the Point, standing before a giant West Point emblem and its motto, DUTY, HONOR, COUNTRY, the President delivered the commencement address to the 469 graduates of the class of '55. It was only the second time in the academy's 153 years that a cadet had returned as President to speak to a graduating class, and the occasion, for all the scurrying of TV crews, was properly solemn.*

"In the year 1915," the President began, "I was one of 164 cadets who, through four West Point years, had eagerly looked forward—just as you of this class have done—to the moment of graduation. Actually, we thought of it as liberation, but 40 busy years have somewhat changed that youthful viewpoint . . . None of us could have realized that the world in which our fathers and we had lived was, at that moment, disappearing."

"Obviously," the President continued, "change is inescapable in human society . . . [But] now, within a single generation, a natural process has become a cataclysmic rush. This should generate neither a despairing belief that the tide of events is beyond human control nor an apathetic acceptance that human ability is not equal to the immense problems newly arisen . . . This country now approaches a

Big Four conference [that] can at best be only a beginning in a renewed effort that may last a generation."

The U.S., said the President, is strong by power and by principle, dependent upon its caution and its wisdom. "By caution, I mean a prudent guard against fatuous expectations that a world, sick with ignorance, mutual fears and hates, can be miraculously cured by a single meeting. I mean a stern determination that we shall not be reckless and witless, relaxing our posture merely because a persistent foe may assume a smiling face and a soft voice. By wisdom, I mean a calm awareness that strength at home, strength in allies, strength in moral position, arm us in impregnable fashion to meet every vile and stratagem that may be used against us. But I mean also a persevering resolution to explore every decent avenue towards a lasting and just peace, no matter how many and how bitter our disappoint-



From "The 1915 Howitzer"
No. 61, CLASS OF 1915
"Eisenhower from Kansas, sir."

ments. I mean an inspired faith that men's determination and capacity to better their world will in time override their ability to destroy it . . .

"As soldiers," the President said to the cadets, "you will live by the traditions of the service, built in the halls and on the campus of this greatest of all academies of its kind, and on many battlefields, from Bunker Hill to the Korean mountains." The President counseled the cadets to be "stout of faith in yourselves, your alma mater and your God."

So saying, the President stepped to the front of the dais and began to pass out the diplomas, characteristically reserving his most scrutinizing appraisal and his warmest words of encouragement for Cadet John Paul Doyle Jr., "The Goat" (last-ranking cadet) of the class of 1955. "You'll do, all right," concluded the President to Cadet Doyle, amid booming roars of applause that carried out clear across the majestic Hudson. And so, in his own human way, had the President, 61st in the class of 1915.

Time for New Franklins

On toward week's end, the setting changed. The steel-grey Hudson and its heroic cliffs gave place to the Nittany Valley of Pennsylvania, rolling placidly southeast from the low green humps of Bald Eagle Ridge. Skies turned to unspectacular grey, and as the President dressed in gold-tasseled cap and gown walked out onto the campus of Pennsylvania State University to receive an honorary doctorate of laws and address a second graduating class, it was raining—not a downpour, but a thick, unspectacular drizzle. If it had gotten much worse, Dr. Milton Eisenhower, the President's youngest brother, trusted adviser and president of the university, would have had to move the exercises indoors to the recreation building.

But the drizzle did not get worse, and it was on open-air Beaver Field, before 20,000 people in sodden coats or academic gowns, that the President of the United States accepted his degree and delivered this speech:

"You men and women venture forth into a world where human nature differs little, if at all, from human nature in 1915 or in the age of Pericles. Human relations—the art of getting along with the people who work beside you and with those who live thousands of miles away—does not change . . . But the age of nuclear energy, in its industrial and economic aspects, will likely bear no more resemblance to the age of steam than a jet-powered plane to an old-fashioned box kite . . .

"On this campus this morning, I had the privilege of inspecting the first atomic reactor of its kind established under university auspices . . . The extent of the economic and industrial changes that we can anticipate is indicated by estimates that world sources of uranium potentially available contain as high as 20 times the energy of the known world reserves of coal, petroleum and natural gas combined . . ."

Look to the Atom. "Our nation has no desire for a monopoly on the knowledge and practice of these possibilities. We want the world to share—as we always have . . .

"We have developed two new programs that I shall submit to the Congress in the conviction that they reflect the spirit and intent of law and of the American people. First: we propose to offer research reactors to the people of free nations who can use them effectively . . . The U.S. . . will contribute half the cost. We will also furnish the acquiring nation the nuclear material needed to fuel the reactor. Second: within prudent security considerations, we propose to make available to the peoples of such friendly nations as are prepared to invest their own funds in power reactors, access to and training in the technological processes of construction and operation for peaceful purposes . . .

"The people of the U.S. instinctively reject any thought that their greatest scientific achievement can be used only as

* The first, in June 1868, was President Ulysses S. Grant, class of 1843.

a weapon . . . While we build atomic-powered ships for war—because we must—we have the desire, the determination to build atomic-powered ships for peace. And build them we shall. While we design bombs that can obliterate great military objectives—because we must—we are also designing generators, channels and reservoirs of atomic energy so that man may profit from this gift which the Creator of all things has put into his hands. And build them we shall."

Look to the Mind. "As for the social and political problems that will accompany this development, their outlines can be foreseen but dimly . . . The normal life span will continue to climb. The hourly productivity of the worker will increase. How is the increase in leisure time and the extension in life expectancy to be spent? Will it be for the achievement of man's better aspirations or his degradation to the level of a well-fed, well-kept slave of an all-powerful state?"

"Indeed, merely to state that question sharply reminds us that in these days and in the years ahead the need for philosophers and theologians parallels the need for scientists and engineers . . . In this country we emphasize both liberal and practical education. But too often it is a liberal education for one and a practical education for another. What we desperately need is an integrated liberal, practical education for the same person . . . Hand and head and heart were made to work together. They must work together. They should be educated together."

"In colonial Philadelphia, there was a printer who was likewise a scientist, and who was hailed as the wisest man of his day . . . In 19th century Illinois, there was a rail splitter who was likewise a lawyer and who was hailed a champion of humanity . . . Education today can nurture for us the possibility of a thousand Franklins and a thousand Lincolns in a generation, where before we were fortunate to have one."

The Dangers of Travel

At commencement time last year, a husky Secret Service man wiggled under a stage at an East Coast college, where the President of the United States was to receive an honorary degree. In the shadows he spotted a tin can, lifted it gingerly out and raised the top. Inside was a note: "This could have been a bomb." But the Secret Service did not need a college prank to remind them of the danger. This June, when Ike is on the road 15 days out of 30, the Secret Service will be on the move 30 days out of 30.

The Advance Men. Before the President flies to San Francisco to speak at the U.N. tenth anniversary ceremonies (June 20), or arrives five days later at Carmichael Lake in Maine to catch some salmon and trout, teams of Secret Service men from the 35-man White House Detail will fan out to anticipate every danger. Back in Washington, other agents will comb the central files for names and photographs of crackpots and

suspicious characters in the areas that Ike will visit.

Any time the President moves, the Secret Service moves first. They examine his routes for likely vantage spots for gunmen, and assign local police to those spots. Hotel personnel, with emphasis on food handlers, are checked. Local police are asked for pictures of mental cases and other possible assassins, and the agents commit the photographed faces to memory. Some dangerous persons are held on vagrancy charges until the President leaves.

The President's regular traveling companion is a burly Irishman from The Bronx, James Rowley, 46, the special agent in charge of the White House Detail. In crowded reception halls, he moves at the President's elbow; when the President makes an address, Rowley is a pace behind him, impassive and alert; when the President rides in a car, Rowley



Harris & Ewing

SECRET SERVICE MAN ROWLEY
Anticipate every danger.

sits in the front seat. Rowley went to work as a bank investigator at 18, but continued to go to school nights, nine years later earned his law degree from Brooklyn's St. John's University. In 1938 Rowley joined the Secret Service, went to the White House in a year, and became the agent in charge in 1946. His toughest assignment was Ike's trip to Korea but this month Rowley is thinking ahead to the Big Four conference. Plans already call for an Air Force fighter and air-sea rescue escort for the *Columbine*, and Rowley will never be far from the President until he returns to U.S. soil.

The Assassins. Like his predecessors, President Eisenhower has been irritated by the surveillance of the Secret Service, until recently, when he read *The Assassins*, a chilling account of the seven attempts on the lives of Presidents, by the New York *Herald Tribune's* White House Reporter Robert J. Donovan. Shocked, Ike made some inquiries of his own, discovered some disturbing statistics.

From the time he took office until this

April, he learned, the Secret Service has investigated 3,912 threatening letters and other contacts, and the figure is running abnormally high (401 threats in the first four months of 1955—well above the average). Last year 84 persons were arrested as dangerous to the President, 80 were convicted and sent to prisons or insane asylums. In the same period guards picked up 118 mentally disturbed persons at the White House gates (one pleasant-faced young man recently told a guard that he was assuming the presidency and would review the troops on the White House lawn in 15 minutes).

Impressed by the danger, Ike stopped complaining about the Secret Service. When the service insisted on closing a tourist observation tower atop Cemetery Ridge on the Gettysburg Battlefield whenever he is at the farm, he made no objection. A marksman, standing on the tower with a high-powered rifle, could shoot anyone on the Eisenhower farm.

ARMED FORCES

Man Lost

A memorandum that passed down through the Air Force recently warned: "Our No. 1 problem within the Air Force is the current and future shortage of trained, experienced men . . . During this year we may lose as many as 200,000 men. Among them will be veteran pilots and experienced staff officers." The memo could have included top air commanders, for last week the head of the Strategic Air Command's combat-ready Eighth Air Force, 43-year-old Major General John B. Montgomery, resigned from the service. A non-West Pointer (Wofford College, Spartanburg, S.C.), Montgomery was a colonel at 32, a general at 35, had a fine combat record as well as a reputation as a staff idea man during World War II. When General LeMay took command of the Strategic Air Command he sought the brightest young officers in the Air Force. One of the first he picked was Montgomery, who became Director of Operations for the crucial years of SAC training and growth from 1949 to 1953, when he took over his last command.

Montgomery admitted that "financial reasons are the main consideration" for his resignation. The \$14,000 a year he is getting as a major general is much less than he can draw in private industry.

DEMOCRATS

The Candidate

Even before journeying to Africa, Adlai Ewing Stevenson made up his mind: he would stalk the G.O.P. elephant again next year. Last week Stevenson friends in Chicago and top Democrats in Washington were passing the word that Adlai has decided to try for his party's 1956 presidential nomination.

The reports indicated that Candidate Stevenson has steeled himself to face any G.O.P. standard-bearer, even if his name should be Eisenhower. An early hint of

Stevenson's resolute state of mind came last month when he repudiated the proposal of his ex-national chairman, Stephen Mitchell, to saddle the South with an oath of party loyalty at the 1956 national convention. The point was not lost on Southern leaders. To them, Stevenson seems less immoderately liberal than the visible alternatives: New York's Harriman, Michigan's Williams, Tennessee's Kefauver.

Adlai, say his political intimates, will tend to his fence-mending and make a few speeches, but he will not formally announce his availability until around the first of next year. Waiting until then would not be diffidence in the pre-convention 1952 manner. It is simply sensible timing: the early political bird often loses the worm.

Once an announced candidate, Adlai must then decide whether to beat through the thickets of state primary elections. If the competition is mild, there may be no need to expend strength on small state primaries. Even such a threat as might come from a bushwhacking Estes Kefauver, if briefly menacing, might be safely bypassed until convention time. Currently, Candidate Stevenson figures to give most of the primaries a wide berth.

THE SUPREME COURT

Ducking the Issue

Those who give the FBI information about Government employees have the law's promise of secrecy if they want it; the person under investigation does not necessarily know who said what about him. In 1951 the Supreme Court split 4 to 4 when asked to rule that the Government could not dismiss an employee for security reasons unless it allowed him to confront the persons who had given information about him on which the Government based



Shaemsker—Chicago Daily News
One Guess

its decision. This spring the issue again reached the highest court (TIME, May 2), in the case of Yale's Professor of Medicine John Punnett Peters, who was discharged as a part-time consultant to the U.S. Public Health Service two years ago after a security investigation.

Dr. Peters' lawyer, Thurman Arnold, built his arguments on the Fifth Amendment. He said that since Dr. Peters could not confront his informers, he had been denied the right to "due process of law" guaranteed in the Fifth Amendment. The Government answered that it has a need and a right to protect its informants; if it did not do so, the whole security system would break down. It also contended that its firing procedures are administrative acts, not judicial proceedings with legal penalties, and therefore not subject to the due process clause.

Many (including Attorney General Brownell) expected one of the most important decisions of the year when the Supreme Court passed on the Peters case. But when Justice Harlan questioned Lawyer Arnold about the power of the Loyalty Review Board to review the Peters case, he opened an escape hatch through which the court could dodge the hot constitutional issue of confrontation. Arnold spotted it, tried to head the court off, saying he "would not like to win the case on that ground." But Justice Frankfurter told Arnold: "The question is not whether you want to win the case on that ground or not. This court reaches constitutional issues last, not first."

In a decision announced last week, the court ducked the main issue. It found, 7-2, that the Loyalty Review Board had no authority to review the Peters case, since Peters had previously been cleared by a departmental board. Even dissenting Justices Burton and Reed dodged the constitutional issue, argued that the Loyalty Review Board did have the power to find against Peters. That question was hardly vital. The board was abolished two years ago, and 67-year-old Dr. Peters' appointment has long since run out.

THE LAW

Dr. Nathan's Passport

For 2½ labyrinthine years, Dr. Otto Nathan tried to get a passport to go abroad "for pleasure and study." About 1,000,000 other U.S. citizens got passports during this period, but Dr. Nathan ran into difficulties. As an economics professor at New York University and the executor of Physicist Albert Einstein's will, Dr. Nathan specifically wants to attend the Jubilee of the Relativity Theory in Bern, Switzerland, to seek co-operation from scientists in preserving and publishing Einstein's manuscripts. But the State Department first stalled, then denied Dr. Nathan his passport, vaguely letting it be known that there was damaging material in the files against him.

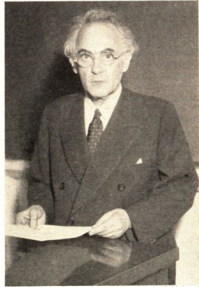
The net of State's material was that Dr. Nathan was 1) a German Communist before 1933, when he settled in the U.S. (he denied this), 2) an associate of Communist fronts in Europe and the U.S. (he would not say yes or no to this on the ground that the charge was too vague), 3) an acquaintance of the ambassadors of two Communist satellite states (he admitted this). A fundamental principle was at stake. Is the right to travel abroad a privilege to be granted, like a federal job? Or is it the inherent right of a U.S. citizen, naturalized or native?

In Washington last March, District Court Judge Henry A. Schweinhaut ordered the State Department to give Dr. Nathan "a prompt and appropriate hearing." State filed a petition asking the court to review the whole case. Last fortnight Judge Schweinhaut criticized State for "dillydallying delaying tactics," and ordered that Nathan's passport be delivered "forthwith." State responded by taking the case to the U.S. Court of



PROFESSOR PETERS
No authority.

Donald Fitch



PROFESSOR NATHAN
No dillydallying.

Alan W. Richards

Appeals, which stayed Judge Schweinhaut's order but ruled that Dr. Nathan must have a "quasi-judicial hearing" within five days; if State continued to withhold the Nathan passport, it would be compelled to defend its action.

At this point, rather than go through with the hearing, the State Department decided to grant Dr. Nathan his passport, asserting nonetheless that "the issuance of passports is a discretionary executive function." For Otto Nathan, getting ready for his trip to Switzerland, the outcome was clear and encouraging. "The State Department's action in issuing a passport to me," he said, "vindicates the fundamental right of every American citizen to travel."

THE CONGRESS

Finger Dexterity

The telephone atop Washington's airport control tower jangled, and a Texas drawl exhorted, "Damn it, I've got a Senator up there somewhere on Northwest's Flight 300. He's two hours overdue and I want him down quick. He's got to vote. You better be awful sure he's not stacked up there."

Minutes after Senate Democratic Leader Lyndon Johnson's telephone call one afternoon last week, Minnesota's airborne Senator Hubert Humphrey landed and was whisked across the Potomac in a Capitol police squad car, sirens ahowl. He arrived on the Senate floor, just in time to vote nay on the key Capehart amendment to the public-housing bill. That he did—although by then Johnson no longer needed the vote—was the result and symbol of Johnson's driving, meticulous leadership. Last week his leadership won the year's sternest test.

Whirl & Wheedle. Before that, some Northern Democrats, suspecting Johnson of losing interest in liberal legislation, had begun to fume. He seemed overattentive, they thought, to procedural efficiency, party unity, the friendship of fellow Southerners and the ambitions of Lyndon Johnson. When the Democrat-controlled Senate Banking and Currency Committee threw out the Eisenhower Administration's plan to build 35,000 public-housing units a year for two years and substituted a high-spending four-year program of roughly 100,000 units a year, the question arose: Would Leader Johnson perform his nimble best to get it through the Senate?

He would and he did. With a flick of his thumb, Johnson signaled to presiding senators whom to recognize—speakers who would not antagonize Southerners or be trapped by Republicans. A twirl of Johnson's lifted forefinger, the airman's signal to rev up, means speed on the Senate floor. A whisper from Lyndon during roll call, and the clerk shifts into a slow, minor key. Sometimes it takes an expert to tell whether the Senate is rushing or loitering. But even Indiana Republican Homer Capehart, no expert, spotted Johnson's delay last week during the wait for

Humphrey, and gruffly declared that it bothered him.

Homer's concern was forgivable: he had predicted an eight-vote triumph for his amendment to restore the Administration's 35,000-unit program, and had laughed, "Lyndon, this time I'm going to rub your nose in it." Now Lyndon was busily wheeling more votes, and gaining time to do it in the name of senatorial courtesy, i.e., fairness to Humphrey.

Cash & Carry. To postpone the Capehart vote, Johnson squeezed in two amendments dear to the Connecticut constituents of Republican Prescott Bush. Result: not only more time, but Bush's



Edward Burns—Black Star
LEADER JOHNSON
A vote in the air.

vote in the showdown. By accepting Republican Ralph Flanders' proposal to link the rate of housing starts to fluctuations in general business activity, Johnson won Flanders' vote. Then he cashed in IOUs with two other G.O.P. Senators, getting them to offset two of Johnson's absent Democrats by not voting themselves.

In the end only six Democrats, all Southerners, went over to Capehart's side. They were more than matched by the nine Republicans whom Johnson coaxed into his own column, most of them from the slum-troubled East.

After Capehart's nose was rubbed, 38 to 44, the Democratic bill glided safely to a 60-to-25 decision, and a grateful Hubert Humphrey jumped to his feet to praise Johnson. Said Hubert: "His talents, his personality and the strength of his character are dedicated toward making the legislative process work." Added Illinois' Paul Douglas: "Extraordinary political virtuosity."

Majestic Minimum

Washington wits have long remarked that the Senate is called the upper House because it ups appropriations authorized by the House of Representatives. Last week the Senate was upping White House proposals.

Since the Democrats' thin margin of control did not promise victory for a separate Democratic program, they adopted the strategy of molding President Eisenhower's program to their own expansive fancy. The day after the Senate multiplied Ike's housing program nearly sixfold (see above), it upped the Administration request for a 90¢-an-hour minimum wage (v. the present 75¢ floor) to \$1, and shouted the bill to passage. Estimated additional wages to some 2,100,000 workers: \$560 million a year. West Virginia's Matthew Neely adjudged it "a majestic measure of humanity."

Last week Congress also:

¶ Passed, 409 to 1 in the House, unanimously in the Senate (and President Eisenhower signed), a new 8% postal pay-raise bill which corrects many of the "inequities" cited by the President in his veto of a higher, 8.8% bill (TIME, May 30). Annual cost: \$164 million.

¶ Voted, in the Senate, to spend \$8.6 billion in fiscal 1956 through the Veterans Administration, the Departments of the Interior, of Labor and of Health, Education and Welfare and other agencies, after upping the White House request for medical research from \$89 million to \$112 million.

¶ Approved, in the House, construction of a new \$36 million Smithsonian Institution building on Washington's Mall, to be called the Museum of History and Technology, after listening to Michigan's ratchet-tongued Clare Hoffman admit to the "overpowering" thought, upon visiting the Smithsonian, that "after all, I do not as an individual amount to very much in this world, never did and never will."

¶ Ordered, in the House, the motto "In God We Trust" to be inscribed on all new greenbacks, although that is not the official national motto ("E pluribus unum" is). "In God We Trust" has been used on coins for almost a century, never on bills.

¶ By House action, told the Agriculture Department to stop predicting apple prices.

¶ Agreed, by 353 to 13 in the House, to allow \$75 million for speeding completion of the Pan American Highway; a reversal, under Administration pressure, of last month's action striking out the funds. The road, still impassable through 25 miles on the Mexico-Guatemala border, 135 miles in Costa Rica and Panama, may now be ready in three years.

¶ Ordered the Veterans Administration to pay for home treatment of Albert Woolson, 108, in order to spare him the 165-mile trip from his Duluth home to the nearest VA hospital. Woolson, at 17 a drummer boy in Minnesota's 1st Heavy Artillery Regiment, is the Union Army's lone Civil War survivor.

LABOR

The G.A.W. Man

(See Cover)

When Walter Reuther first went to Detroit, he was 19 years old and not quite sure of himself—a youthful weakling that he has long since corrected. According to a Detroit Y.M.C.A. questionnaire which he filled out in 1927, he wanted to be either 1) a chicken farmer or 2) a labor leader. Within a decade, he was leading thousands of men in the great sitdown strikes of Depression-era Detroit. By now, restless, redheaded, hard-driving Walter Reuther, who could never have confined himself long to a hen house, has reached the top of the heap in the alternate career: he has more

principle. So we decided on the strategy of implementing the principle we expected to establish at Ford with the money we get from G.M."

When Reuther first presented his guaranteed annual wage plan at the bargaining table last April, Ford Vice President John Bugas said: "This is something that we will never, never do." Replied Reuther: "Never say never, John." General Motors, which had also begun negotiations, offered a stock-sharing plan that Reuther rejected. Then Ford made a similar stock offer. "I blew my top," said Reuther, who charged collusion between the two companies. "How the hell," he shouted at the conference table, "do you get a Chevy on a Ford assembly line?"

At noon one day last week, Ford work-

ing for bargaining sessions in the big fifth-floor conference room. Late each night they left again with no word of progress. G.M. Negotiator Louis Seaton, director of labor relations, printed and passed out to the press a card in Italian, French, Spanish, Portuguese, German and Flemish. The words meant the same in all six languages: "No comment."

At week's end, after a final bargaining spurt, the settlement was announced. Like Ford, G.M. accepted the principle of G.A.W. and on the same scale of benefits: four weeks of layoff pay at 65% of normal take-home wages (including state unemployment compensation) and 22 weeks more at 60% of normal. The overall contract package, including increases in wages and welfare provisions, cost General Motors 22¢ an hour per worker compared to 20¢ an hour for the Ford package. Reuther, it turned out, had been somewhat optimistic in predicting to his union delegates a substantially bigger pay-off from G.M. than from Ford.

God & Socialism. A third-generation Socialist born in Wheeling, W.Va., Walter Philip Reuther was bred to worship God and to translate brotherhood into Socialist terms. His grandfather Jacob was a German Social Democrat who emigrated to the U.S. in 1892 to save his sons from military service. Jacob Reuther, a white-bearded Lutheran patriarch, often conducted Sunday services for his family at his farmhouse near Effingham, Ill. He felt that some churches "do too much for God and not enough for man"; he believed: "To add brightness to the sun or glory to the name of God are alike impossible."

Walter Reuther's pattern of life was molded by his father, Jacob's son Valentine, a union organizer and an ardent Socialist. Walter retains a vivid boyhood memory of going to Moundsville Penitentiary with his father to visit Socialist Eugene Debs, sentenced to ten years under the Espionage Act.

On Sundays at home, Valentine Reuther conducted debates on issues like capital punishment and the right to strike. "It was no accident," says Valentine Reuther, that three of his four sons became labor officials, all in the C.I.O. It is also no accident that Walter Reuther can debate Detroit's most fluent corporate talent to a standstill.

Green Apple. Of the brothers, Walter was the smallest (now 5 ft. 8½ in.) and the least brilliant in school. He flunked English and algebra. At 16, he quit to become an apprentice machinist at Wheeling Steel (\$14 an hour). In 1927 he went to Detroit to make big money.

Ford was retooling and thousands were laid off, but, after standing in line at dawn daily for a week, Reuther got a job at Briggs (\$8½ an hour). "I looked like I fell off a green apple tree," he later recalled. Soon he got a better job (\$1.10 an hour) at Ford as a tool-and-die leader bossing 40 men. He discovered his own talents. He also discovered that he



U.A.W.'s BLUESTONE, REUTHER & LIVINGSTON
"Never say never."

John Dominis—LIFE

personal power—although not more popularity—than any other leader of U.S. labor.

Reuther runs—with managerial efficiency—the largest U.S. labor union: the 1,500,000-man C.I.O. United Automobile Workers (U.A.W.); he has signed up 250,000 new workers in the last four years. Last week he achieved a triumph and a great victory for labor, winning from Ford Motor Co. a form of guaranteed semiannual wage for laid-off workers. This week he wrung similar terms from General Motors, the world's greatest manufacturing corporation.

Where to Pioneer. At a closed meeting of union delegates in Detroit's Tuller Hotel last week, Reuther told how he set out to establish the guaranteed annual wage (G.A.W.) in the automobile industry: "We decided General Motors was the easiest place to get money from, because it has the most, but the most difficult to pioneer with on principle. Ford is the easiest place to make progress on

ers in the mile-long Rouge plant were scheduled to get strike orders. Reuther and Bugas negotiated through the preceding night and into the morning. As noon neared, unshaved, rumpled newsmen who had waited up all night crammed into the corridor outside the conference room in the Detroit-Leland Hotel. Inside, after 26 hours of hard bargaining, Reuther and Bugas stood up during a brief break and stared silently at each other. Reuther, who had won his principle, as planned, suddenly grinned and held out his hand. "You've got a deal, Johnny," he said.

As the doors opened, flashbulbs flared and newsmen were toppled in the rush. Despite 40 hours without sleep, Reuther radiated his usual brisk, cold-shower glow. He praised Ford's plan for a modified G.A.W. and, after a night's sleep, tackled General Motors. Every day, flanked by U.A.W. Vice President John Livingston and Negotiator Irving Bluestone, Reuther marched into Detroit's G.M. build-

was not very interested in making money.

Working nights, he went to high school and then to Wayne University, came out of classes frothing ideas. When the Depression hit Detroit, he reacted with a surge of Socialist hope and a sense of historic urgency. Excitedly, he joined picket lines and soapboxed at breadlines, organized soup kitchens and leftist student clubs. In the 1932 presidential campaign, he mounted a rear platform on his old Ford coupé and campaigned for Socialist Norman Thomas.

Breaking company commandments, he tried to organize Ford workers. Soon after Franklin D. Roosevelt's election in 1932, Walter Reuther was fired by Ford. He and his brother Victor withdrew their savings (some \$900) just before the 1933 bank closing and sailed on a world "tour of social engineering."

The brothers got to Berlin just in time to see Hitler's Reichstag fire. In eleven months they bicycled through ten countries, sleeping at farms and youth hostels, visiting mines and factories—"studying life," said Walter. They got visas to Soviet Russia and worked for 16 months with other Americans and foreigners at the American-built automobile plant at Gorky, on the Volga River. On his first day in the U.S.S.R., Walter's pocket was picked.

When the workers asked for metal spoons in the stalovaya (factory lunchroom) "like workers in other countries have," the Reuthers machined a batch out of old fender metal. Delighted, the Russians took the spoons home. Soon all were gone. "This under Socialism, comrades!" sputtered a party official. "Sheer capitalist acquisitiveness!"

On leaving Gorky, the brothers traveled 18,000 miles across the U.S.S.R., came home via Japan. At 28, Walter Reuther had completed his education and was ready to get to work in an auspicious environment. Depression-haunted Detroit.

"Strike! Strike!" Labor discontent in the auto industry was erupting in sloppy, bloody, sporadic strikes. Reuther set out in 1936 to organize West Side Detroit for the struggling automobile workers union.

In six months he signed up only 78 members, half of them in the Kelsey-Hayes Wheel plant, which Reuther decided to strike. "We needed drama," he later explained. "We had a big Polish gal who had fainted on the assembly line. We assigned her to 'faint' again. Someone else was to shut down the assembly line." Next day the Polish girl fainted on schedule, the switches were pulled, and the cry arose: "Strike! Strike!" Soon the plant's 5,000 men were milling around Reuther, who delivered a rousing speech while an anxious manager tugged at his coat sleeves. When the plant shut down, Reuther and his aides went to the workmen's beer gardens near by and in 48 hours signed up 3,500 members. He was in business.

Reuther has displayed the winner-take-all talents of a Commando leader in his

strike strategy. In 1939, to save strike funds, he pulled out General Motors tool-and-die men at exactly the right moment to stop all production; the other workers, technically nonstrikers, collected state unemployment compensation. In 1937, during the bitter G.M. sitdown at Flint, Mich., he helped to organize the seizure of a key building and stop production.

"The company shut off the current in the building," Reuther said later, "and it became so cold that it was unbearable. Powers Hapgood, the organizer, and myself crawled on our bellies along the railroad tracks to go beyond the Army lines, and told state officials that the men planned to start fires in an attempt to keep warm. The heat was turned on and the lights were turned off. Again we went



G.M.'s SEATON
The same meaning.

out and reported to officials that the men planned to make torches of oil-soaked waste rags. The lights were lighted again."

After 44 days, the U.A.W. won the strike, organized General Motors and within a year had 400 contracts covering most carmakers, except, notably, Ford (where company police beat up Reuther and his associates during 1937's "Battle of the Overpass"). In 1941, with war production booming, Ford capitulated after a ten-day strike. Ever since then, the U.A.W. has been virtually unchallenged in its control of automobile labor. In postwar strikes, the automakers never even tried to keep open.

Despite—or because of—his trip to Russia, Reuther has a good anti-Red record. "Communists," he long ago proclaimed, "are the colonial agents of a foreign power." He pushed an anti-Communist resolution through the 1941 U.A.W. convention. Thereafter, as a rambunctious union vice president, he fought the Communists relentlessly and effectively. He

operated a special anti-Communist school, gave lectures and courses to expose their techniques, organized anti-Communist squads in local after local.

When the 1946 union convention at Atlantic City came around, Reuther was ready to take on the Communist-line clique that controlled the U.A.W.'s president, R. J. Thomas. Day and night, hundreds of delegates argued and battled over the Communist issue; bloody brawls between the factions broke out on the boardwalk. When the vote came at last, the Communists and their followers lost; by the narrowest of margins, Walter Reuther beat R. J. Thomas for president of the U.A.W.

His victory cost the Communists more than the U.A.W. Emboldened, the C.I.O.'s late President Phil Murray acted at last to cut the deep-seated Red rot out of the C.I.O.: eleven Communist-controlled unions were expelled and have since withered. Phil Murray, who once rated Reuther a bumptious redhead, eventually became his friend and ally. When Murray died in 1952, Reuther ran for C.I.O. president. His campaign divided the C.I.O. bitterly. As usual, he won.

Kidney-Shaped Command Post. Today, Reuther, labor's aging (47) boy wonder, still looks boyish: no grey threads his reddish hair, no bags encase his eyes, no bulges swell his lean flanks. As a machinist, after a 13-hour factory day, he used to do calisthenics or swim at the Y. After a speech or meeting away from Detroit, he used to hike six or seven miles late at night before going to bed. A powerhouse of physical energy, he bounces and bounds with swift, long strides.

He works 12 to 18 hours a day, usually lunches on a sandwich at his desk, a 12-ft.-long kidney-shaped masterpiece that he designed himself. While reading or talking, Reuther scribbles incessantly in notebooks, jotting down his jet-stream of ideas (even in bed, at night, when he thinks of something, he gets up to make a note of it). The U.A.W.'s top officials have all picked up the habit; when called, they pick up their notebooks and gather around Reuther's kidney-shaped command post. If they argue too long, he snaps: "I think I know the feeling of the workers."

Once a six-page draft memo was brought to him for approval. "It's too long," said Reuther, picking up his pencil. When he got through, the memo was 13 pages long, but he liked it better. He can—and does—speak almost endlessly on almost anything. "You ask him what time it is," complained U.A.W. Secretary-Treasurer Emil Mazey, "and he'll tell you how to make a watch."

One Small Beer. When the Reuther brothers were touring Europe, they arrived hot and hungry one night in Munich's Hofbräuhaus. Victor challenged Walter to down a liter of bock beer before dinner. He did and has not cared for drinking since. At cocktail parties he takes a Manhattan, eats the cherry and leaves

the drink. At a union meeting once, he promised to "have fun with the boys afterwards" in return for a favorable vote. Reuther won the vote and, as promised, had fun: he smoked one cigar and drank one small beer.

In recent years Reuther has read only one novel (*The Caine Mutiny*), seen only one movie (*On the Waterfront*) and taken no vacations. Years ago some fellow unionists took him to a Lake Huron shore cottage for a holiday; he stayed indoors reading up on economics. When they finally got him out on the lake, the water turned rough and Reuther got seasick.

An apostle of the more abundant life, Reuther is usually too preoccupied for leisurely pleasures. When Miami was suggested last winter as the site for the

At first, during the early, hectic organizing drives, they lived in Detroit's Knickerbocker Apartments, a nest of friendly, frenzied C.I.O. officials. "We hardly ever slept at all," Reuther remembers. Thugs once beat him up in his own apartment. Later he moved to the north side, where a gun blast fired by a would-be assassin ripped into his right arm. Reuther lost blood copiously but never lost consciousness. "I decided," he said later, "to fight harder than ever."

A bodyguard follows him everywhere, and Detroit newspapers never mention his present address. Last September Reuther moved to a converted summer cottage on a trout stream near Detroit, where he lives with his wife, daughters Linda Ann, 12, and Elisabeth Luise,

the C.I.O., is one of the few labor leaders who have publicly expressed themselves on the subject of Walter Reuther. He referred to him as a "pseudo-intellectual nitwit." Labor leaders generally dislike his metallic personal qualities—the iron will, the tinny personality, the brass nerve. They distrust his power and his policies.

"His early training sharpened him," said one top labor leader, "but it also put him on the wrong track so far as trade-union philosophy in the U.S. is concerned. He started out trained in Marxist concepts, and he believed in the elimination of private ownership. He was one of those youngsters we used to call a 'Yipsol' [from Young People's Socialist League]. They could talk like hell, but they could not produce anything."

But the same critical labor leader admits that Reuther is changing; he is becoming more a "bread-and-butter unionist" and less a social engineer out to "re-make the world." Not that he has dropped his habit of making grandiose plans. He prepared a wartime plan to raise the sunken liner *Normandie*; later he blueprinted a "100-year plan" under which the U.S. would give the rest of the world \$1,300 billion for peace. He called it "Proposal for a Total Peace Offensive to Stop Communist Aggression by Taking the Initiative in the World Contest for Men's Minds, Hearts and Loyalties." President Roosevelt called him "our engineer." Reuther's rival, R. J. Thomas, present on one such occasion, quickly corrected F.D.R.: "No, Mr. President, he's only a tool-and-die maker."

Time and success have mellowed both Reuther and the mass movement that swept up the distressed workers of Detroit two decades ago. Ford workers average \$106 weekly; economic desperation no longer harasses the men for reasons beyond their ken. Union conventions, once rough and fiery, now seem like Rotary meetings. In 1945 the G.M. strike began with the class-struggle refrain, *Solidarity Forever*. This month's strike threat brought forth, instead, over the U.A.W. radio program, a comic song directed at Henry Ford II: *Dance With Me, Henry*. Sample lyrics: "You better feel that boogie beat, and get the lead out of your feet."

Reuther still uses some of the old mechanical clichés of class-struggle philosophy. But he is too alert a man not to realize how much he has won for his followers within the framework of capitalism—and how much the picture holds within that same framework. In a recent speech Reuther said: "Movements release tremendous emotional forces, and they get into motion great dynamic qualities; then they tend to dissipate themselves. They sort of spend themselves. You always need to find a way to re-create enthusiasm and spiritual power." Maybe Reuther will. Maybe not. Talking about the Ford settlement last week, he said: "You never get everything." He sounded quite resigned about it.



Jim Yardley

VALENTINE REUTHER & FAMILY IN WHEELING, W.VA.*
On Sundays, capital punishment and the right to strike.

A.F.L.-C.I.O. unity meeting, Reuther was distressed. "Why, I can't go to Miami," he cried. "It wouldn't look right." Some years ago he assembled his Detroit staff to meet two visiting Congressmen, one of whom remarked archly about the collection of secretarial beauties. Walter looked up and stared at them in surprise before it dawned on him that the Congressman was right. Said one of the girls later: "I honestly think it was the first time he ever saw any of us."

Help Needed. On Friday, March 13, 1936, Reuther married pretty, Auburn-haired Mae Wolf, a physical-education instructor whom he met before his European trip. He never wrote to her, but began courting on his return. "On our wedding night," Mrs. Reuther recalls, "we took a drive out of town somewhere. Walter had to make a speech."

7, two lambs, two kittens, one horse, one German shepherd, one cocker spaniel, one sheep, one parakeet and one goldfish.

Reuther, who likes woodworking, remodeled the house himself. He helps Linda with her homework after dinner or on weekends. Last weekend he stayed in town for the Ford negotiations and did not get home at all. When Linda heard of the G.M. negotiations this weekend, she cried: "Daddy, you got to come home—I have a test on Monday."

The Yipsol Mind. Outside his family, Reuther has no intimates and few friends. Glowering John L. Lewis, the founder of

* Seated: Anna and Valentine Reuther; standing: Victor, C.I.O. International Affairs director; Roy, U.A.W. Political Action chief; their sister, Mrs. Christine Ritchie, a Boston housewife; Ted, a Wheeling paymaster; and Walter.

JUDGMENTS & PROPHECIES

GUARANTEED ANNUAL WAGE

IT'S GOOD

Christian Science Monitor Washington Correspondent Joseph C. Harsch:

The wage settlement is one more piece of evidence that the world in which we are living is evolving rapidly away from the calculations of Karl Marx. The spectacle of the leaders of one of the most powerful labor unions in the United States negotiating a mutually satisfactory settlement with the managers of one of the most powerful industrial empires in the United States, and this without any overtones of class warfare or any appeal by either side to public emotionalism, belongs to a society which the mid-nineteenth-century socialist theorists did not conceive. The British election proved that socialism has lost its momentum in Britain. The Ford settlement proved that labor and industry are working out a new social system in the United States.

New York Times Labor Analyst A. H. Raskin:

European unionists, reared in the Socialist tradition, always wonder why United States labor is so enthusiastic about a competitive economic system. The settlement at Ford should help supply the answer. The principal factor in Ford's decision was its desire to stay out in front in the race for mastery of the low-price automobile field. Reuther avoided the slogans of class warfare that were so much a part of the union's formative years two decades ago. The company was equally careful not to maneuver itself into "do-or-die" positions. The performance on both sides was a heartening exhibition of industrial maturity.

Paris Left-wing Franco-Tireur:

How different are matters over here. What a different picture when we look at our backward employers, our divided workers, our outmoded routines, our old slogans which no longer convince anybody, and when we witness this forward movement in America, marked by technical progress and social justice.

New York Post:

The agreement between the Ford Motor Co. and the Auto Workers Union is a landmark of industrial democracy in the U.S. According to the ancient Marxist clichés, the union's demand should have precipitated a long and violent class struggle. Walter Reuther was advancing a proposition that would have been generally considered revolutionary two decades ago. There will be diehards who call young Mr. Ford a "traitor to his class." But in the history books he will be remembered for a contribution to the social engineering of this century as momentous as the mechanical wizardry of his grandfather.

IT'S BAD

Columnist David Lawrence:

The end result of what is happening is likely to be an inflationary price rise and a steady devaluation of the dollar over the long range. And the possibility of state socialism coming in to pay out unemployment and other benefits in a so-called "welfare state" is growing. It's a trend that gives cause for anxiety as to the ultimate effect on the economic future of America.

Los Angeles Times:

The contract boosts labor costs, will be additional incentive to the company to spend money for automation. Thus what Reuther has won may not be more pay for all his members, but more pay for a smaller proportion.

Chicago Tribune:

There is only one place where the Ford company can get the money for this increase. That is from the sale of its products. The unorganized portion of the public, which is three workers out of every four, gets the full impact of the price increases without any extra income. The result is inflation, reduced consumption, and reduction in the number of jobs for which no annual wage can compensate.

Wall Street Journal:

Suppose the settlement had been on the basis of the company's proposal, which would have enabled the workers to buy bonds and Ford stock. Is a company-paid dole preferable to ownership in the company? By contrast with the Ford offer, the settlement the union demanded and got is a throwback to a darker age of labor relations. Yet, because the union leaders arbitrarily insisted on this one preconceived plan, they could not even consider alternatives that might have been far more valuable to those they represent.

National Association of Manufacturers President Henry G. Riter:

If industry gives in to labor's demands for a guaranteed annual wage, even in principle, it could have seriously damaging effects on the American economy, perhaps leading to a socialistic state and controlled economy. And this means a socialistic or corporate state, such as England has experienced with such disastrous consequences. Evolution, rather than revolution, is what has made this country great.

Salt Lake City Tribune:

Ford may be able to carry the increased load. But what of the smaller companies? A guaranteed annual wage could easily "guarantee" them right out of business. Labor must give more consideration to ownership. Profits are not guaranteed and, short of socialism, never will be. If there are no profits there will be no wages, guaranteed or otherwise.

WHICH IS IT?

New York Daily News:

Whether the GAW principle is sound, even for the auto industry, remains to be seen. Will it work in bad times? Can it work in various other industries? How about coal, for example—already sick, and harried by high wage rates and competition with oil? Can seasonal businesses or industries carry the GAW load? What if public taste veers away from goods produced by some outfit which has a GAW setup? Then, too, there is the fear, expressed by many who doubt the feasibility of GAW, that it will operate chiefly to impel employers to hire as few workers as they can. Certainly guaranteed annual wages for workers are fine, if feasible.

Cleveland Plain Dealer:

The Ford agreement is the camel's nose under the tent. No one can doubt that the camel will work its way into the tent. Whether in fact the principle it has established produces the benefits anticipated, or starts the American economy on the road to stagnation depends in large part on the resilience of industry and its ability to react to new conditions.

The Scripps-Howard chain:

The key factor, we think, is productivity. If, as Reuther contends, this modified version of his original proposal will encourage stability in the auto industry, then there is no ground for skepticism. But if it is turned into a device by which workers get paid for not working, the economic consequences could be disastrous for workers as well as employers.

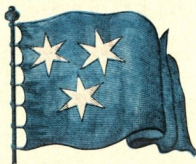
STRIPES & STARS OF REBELLION

EVERY American schoolboy knows that Betsy Ross made the first U.S. flag for George Washington and the Continental Congress in 1777. It makes a pretty story, but historians are not so sure of its accuracy. Through the years, they have searched for evidence to support a variety of theories concerning the origin of the U.S. flag—that it derived from British and Dutch flags, that it evolved out of designs of the different colonies, that it came from George Washington's coat of arms. But today, all that is known is that on June 14, 1777, the Philadelphia Congress resolved that "... the flag of the United States be 13 stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be 13 stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

Eighteen years of digging and deduction have produced a new theory that the Stars and Stripes descended not from the national colors of some other country but from a red-and-white-striped symbol of unity flown by Calvinists in seven northern provinces of The Netherlands during the revolt against Spain that began in 1568. This theory, based on 16th to 18th century paintings as well as written records, is the work of Lawrence Phelps Tower, a Wall Street broker who once made a business of tracking down obscure paintings for art galleries, and who for the last ten years has been national secretary of the U.S. Flag Foundation.

Tower's curiosity was first aroused by an American flag of stripes alone, which he found in a Revolutionary period painting. He began putting together a pictorial narrative of contemporary pictures that showed a steady evolution of a similar striped flag in The Netherlands, England and America.

The first striped flag that Tower found bore seven red "stripes of rebellion" (see opposite) for the provinces of Holland, Zealand, Utrecht, Gelderland, Friesland, Groningen and Overijssel, strongholds of the Reformation. According to Tower, Dutch refugees carried this flag with them to the southern counties of England, where Puritanism was strongest, and around 1574 it began to appear on British ships, sometimes with four red stripes, and sometimes with the red cross of St. George in the canton (the upper corner next to the staff). Contemporary



STARRED FLAG flew in East Friesland, haven for refugees who came to America.

The Huntington Library

views show that it was carried by some ships against the Spanish Armada in 1588. In time it was adopted by both the British and Dutch East India Companies.

In the early 17th century, Puritans from Holland and England crossed to America, and when the first colonial confederation was formed for mutual safety in 1643 among Plymouth, Massachusetts, New Haven and Connecticut, Tower believes, a flag of four red stripes was adopted and flown from coastal trading vessels as shown in a 1647 view of New Amsterdam (opposite). From these Puritan beginnings, the red-and-white-striped flag gradually took on a national symbolism. It

appeared in New York during the Stamp Act Congress of 1765, with nine red and white stripes—for New York, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland and South Carolina—and was adopted by the Sons of Liberty, again as the "Stripes of Rebellion" (below).

The Revolution brought on a spate of flags, the best known of which, the Grand Union Flag, was raised above Washington's troops at Cambridge on Jan. 1, 1776. It had 13 red and white stripes and the British Union Jack in its canton. At sea, American Commodore Esek Hopkins flew a jack of 13 stripes and a rattlesnake. After the signing of the Declaration of Independence, there was no longer need for a canton symbol of union with Great Britain, and with the congressional resolution of June 14, 1777, stars were substituted for the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew. The idea for the stars, Tower believes, may have come from East Friesland, whence many refugees, including William Penn, came to America.

Even after Congress authorized a specific design, the flag of the United States continued to take many forms until after the War of 1812. Betsy Ross possibly fashioned a flag suggested by the congressional resolution, but later John Paul Jones flew a banner of red, white and blue stripes—possibly influenced by the French, who were paying the expenses of Jones's fleet. And, as if to punctuate history's confusion, a contemporary view of the battle between the *Constitution* and the *Guerrière* in 1812 shows everything flying—the Stars and Stripes, the Stars alone, and the old Puritan Stripes of Rebellion.

STRIPED BANNER OF SONS OF LIBERTY IS SHOWN IN 1778 CARTOON OF COLONIES HAILING ARRIVAL OF FRENCH HELP.



New York Public Library



DUTCH SHIPS, in 1622 painting, fly red striped flag of seven united provinces.

Westfries Museum

© 1953 Thurston H. Thacher



NEW AMSTERDAM VIEW of 1647 shows stripes (right) of the first colonial union.



THIRTEEN STRIPES, with rattlesnake, appear in 1776 portrait of Esek Hopkins, first U.S. naval commander.

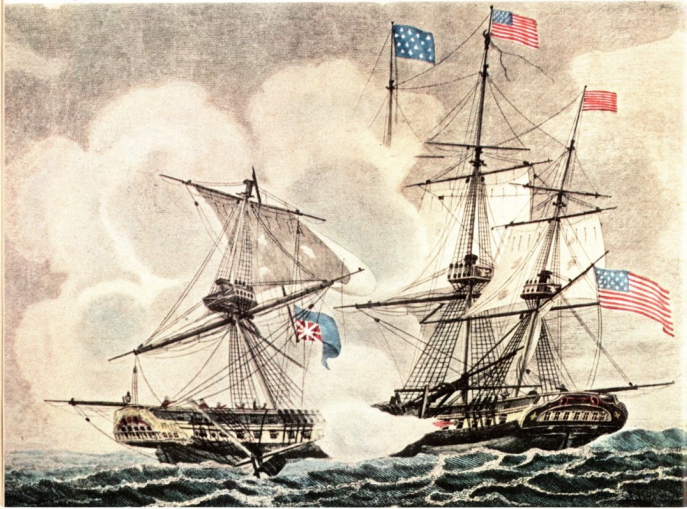
Chicago Historical Society



NAVAL FLAGS, flown by John Paul Jones, were sketched by artist who saw victorious U.S. ships enter Dutch port, October 1779.

Irving S. Olds

STRIPES OF REBELLION (upper right) are still flown by *Old Ironsides* in 1812 view of victory over *Guerrière*.



FOREIGN NEWS

COLD WAR

The New Hustle

The phone rang in West Germany's embassy in Paris. When the caller identified himself as from the Soviet embassy with an urgent note to deliver to the German ambassador, the ambassador's secretary thought it was a joke and almost hung up on the spot.

It was no joke. An aide decided on his own to ignore the explicit rule against any talk with Russians, took the message and in two hours it was transmitted to Chancellor Konrad Adenauer in Bonn. In it Soviet Russia declared that "it would be honored to receive in Moscow in the near future the Chancellor of the German Federal Republic Herr Adenauer . . . to discuss the establishing of diplomatic, trade and cultural relations between the [two

In no such hurry, Adenauer told his Cabinet that he welcomed the invitation but would not make a move without first consulting his Western allies, particularly the U.S. Nor would he go to Moscow himself until the offer had been explored in lower-level talks and an agenda fixed. Such preparations, he said, preclude a journey to Moscow until after the parley at the summit. Said one Christian Democratic Deputy admiringly: "A cooing dove on the rooftop won't make the Chancellor give up the sparrow he's got in the hand." Said President Eisenhower: "We have the utmost faith and confidence in him, and we know one thing—he will stand by his allies and friends."

Two Germans. The problem, and the prize, is not 79-year-old Chancellor Adenauer but the Germany that will come after him. When Adenauer did not hustle

Russia counts on there being other opportunities—and other Chancellors.

The Battle of Blocs. The invitation to Bonn, the trip to Belgrade, the flower-strewn welcome to Nehru (see below) are all part of a new hustle in Soviet diplomacy. The hustle seems to reflect a basic decision that the battle of the blocs is going against them. Unable, now that West Germany has been admitted to the West's ranks, to match the West with their own bloc, the Russians are now out to de-emphasize the whole need for blocs. The nations they cannot win over they hope to deny to the other side. Instead of demanding total commitment from these nations, they ask only what they can get: an indifferent neutrality.

In this new Russian offensive no inconsistency embarrassed them, no reversal deterred them. Satellites were left floun-



INDONESIA'S SASTROMIDJOJO (LEFT) WITH CHINA'S CHOU (THIRD FROM RIGHT) & MAO IN PEKING
How many teas in neutrality?

Eastfoto

countries] and the examination of questions connected with it." Reading the note in his office overlooking the Rhine, the granite face of old Konrad Adenauer split into a grin.

Der Alte had been right after all, and the note was proof positive. For years his opponents had wailed that his steady pursuit of alliance with the West and a strong rearméd Germany was destroying all chance of dealing with the Russians for unification. *Der Alte*, staring stonily at his critics, had insisted that the Russians would negotiate only when the West was united and strong—and not until then.

Without Hurry. In West Germany, the enthusiasm that had been strangely missing when the country got its sovereignty six weeks ago now burst forth. Adenauer was the hero of the hour. Visions of a united Germany danced before the eyes of the hopeful; the most sober took pride in this acknowledgment of their young nation's stature. The best the Socialists, thoroughly confounded, could do was demand that the Chancellor fly right off to Moscow before the Big Four talks in July.

off to Moscow, the Russians took his delay easily. "We have no timetable," said First Deputy Premier Mikoyan. The real meaning of the Russian offer, and of the timing, is that Russia is announcing—in advance of the summit parley—that the Kremlin is content for now to accept two Germans. The offer was also meant to dramatize an awkward fact: the power to unite Germany and to restore its lost territories lies primarily with Russia. It could be done overnight by a single curt order to its hapless German satellite. It could be done without help or hindrance from the U.S., Britain or France.

The Kremlin in effect told the Germans: If you want your country united, talk to us. Never mind the Big Three. And if Russia does propose to do any favor for Germany, it is not likely to do it at the meeting of the Big Four, where the Kremlin would have to share the credit with its foes.

Adenauer is too canny and too principled a man to be seduced by Germany's ancient and fatal temptation to play East against West. But once diplomatic relations are established again in Moscow,

dering in confusion. The Hungarian press struck out of the Belgrade communiqué the clause referring to the several roads of Communism, printed it next day only on direct Russian orders. The Communist Poles were agast at the invitation to Adenauer (formerly referred to by the Russians as "Hitlerite militarist adventurer").

Scurrying Diplomats. Out Asia way, Indonesia's Premier Sastromidjojo flew back to Djakarta brimming over with gratitude for the fuss Peking's Communists had made over him. In Hanoi, the Viet Minh's Ho Chi Minh, in an interview with the London *Sunday Times*, produced his own project for smearing up demarcation lines. He proposed a Bandung-like conference of leaders and intellectuals from the "little nations" of Asia and the West not closely associated with what he called imperialist pasts. They could talk over economic and technical cooperation. He named a fascinating slate—North Viet Nam, Burma, Indonesia and Siam from Asia; Norway, Denmark, Sweden and Czechoslovakia from Europe. Maybe Japan and Canada might be included, he



Sovfoto

GREETING NEHRU: ZHUKOV, MALENKOV, MOLOTOV
"Tabloid impressions are very bad."

added blandly. Russia's Molotov, on his way to San Francisco for the U.N. celebration, dropped down on Paris for lunch with Premier Edgar Faure. Reportedly Molotov suggested that Russia and France have many interests in common—such as a belief that a divided Germany is safer than a whole one.

Western diplomats took wing too. Britain's Harold Macmillan and France's Antoine Pinay headed for New York for pre-summit consultations. Chancellor Adenauer took off in a new Lufthansa plane and a scheduled lunch with Eisenhower. They now had something fresh to talk about.

RUSSIA

Birds & Flowers

The slivovitz had hardly stopped flowing at Khrushchev's Belgrade party last week when the Kremlin gang (including the returning celebrants) set out to win India's teetotaling Nehru. This time the technique was birds and flowers, and the scene was the more easily stage-managed environs of Moscow. What did the Kremlin gang want from Nehru, who as a neutralist is convinced that his world stature depends on refusing to become a second-string player on either side? Nehru warned his countrymen before leaving home: "I'm not going to negotiate between any blocs on any issue, nor am I going to intervene in any issues." But it would have taken a man less vain than Nehru to resist the Soviet welcome, the grandest given to any foreigner within memory.

The entire Presidium of the Central Committee and all Cabinet ministers were on the tarmac at 6 p.m., when the gleaming Soviet plane taxied into Moscow's main airport. As Nehru, in Gandhi cap, white *kuridar* (trousers) and brown *sherwani* (coat), a red rose in his second but-

tonhole, stepped from the plane, 18 Russian children released a cloud of white doves and rushed forward with huge bouquets of flowers. So engulfed in flowers was Nehru that Marshal Georgy Zhukov ordered Red army guards to pass the flowers over to Indian embassy officials. Premier Bulganin came forward and introduced his Cabinet, all wearing broad-bottom trousers and broader, slap-happy grins, showmen of the new bureaucratic beatitude.

Doves in the Streets. "I have wanted to visit the Soviet Union for a long time, to see this remarkable and celebrated city," said Nehru in Hindi.* The Russians had it all fixed for him. In a big black ZIS open convertible, Nehru and Bulganin headed a procession of official cars down the Leningradsky Chaussée into Moscow's Gorky Street. Every mile of the way was crowded with thousands of cheering Muscovites.

Prompted by an unprecedented press campaign (in which *Pravda* devoted a third of its space to Nehru, including a Page One picture, a rare compliment to a non-Communist foreigner), the crowd released white doves, threw bouquets into Nehru's lap, or broke the sidelines to heap strings of lilacs on Nehru's daughter, Mrs. Indira Gandhi (no kin of the late great Mahatma, who is described in the latest Soviet Encyclopedia as an enemy of the people).

The unusual procession also gave many Muscovites their first closeup of their own bigwigs, usually only to be seen high atop Lenin's tomb. Unrehearsed and unexpectedly, there was loud applause for the cars of the U.S. and British ambassadors as they passed.

Next morning Nehru, wearing a white

rose, laid a wreath at the Lenin-Stalin mausoleum in Red Square, and set out on the standard Kremlin tour, interrupted at intervals by "passing" groups of happy Russian tourists, who just chanced to have bouquets of flowers to give to him. In the Kremlin armory Nehru lingered over a small dirk of Indian craftsmanship, once owned by Peter the Great.

Mangoes & Marvels. Lunch with Molotov was followed by a conversation with Bulganin. Then Nehru doubled through the Stalin Auto Works ("Tabloid impressions are very bad," he said, non-committally). At a reception at the Indian embassy that evening, the Indians served mangoes. Nehru showed Bulganin how to eat them, later presented him with 1,000 for his own table, while the Indian ambassador gave Molotov a bagful to take to San Francisco with him.

Despite the ceaseless exchange of generalities about peace, and whispers of "economic aid without strings" spread among Nehru's journalistic entourage, the Russians had, at week's end, wrung nothing firm out of the Indian Prime Minister. At the official banquet in the newly air-conditioned Grand Palace of the Kremlin, Premier Bulganin plied Nehru with compliments as sweet as the Caucasian wines, hoped that "our joint efforts will result in an easing of tensions on the east coast of China near Formosa." Smooth as ghee, Nehru reminded Bulganin that India was only recently independent, and could not speak with a strong voice in the world: "We speak with a soft voice, and I hope a gentle voice, for that is the tradition of India," he said.

Troikas & Atoms. The Russians showed him the view from the 24th floor of Moscow University, a jet-aircraft factory, the marvels of the 60-mile subway (and Mrs. Fedorova, the train driver), and a local school (more bouquets). At a horse show, Nehru was just getting interested in the trotting horses and troikas, when he was dragged away to see *Swan Lake* at the Bolshoi Theater. At a garden party at the Indian embassy, ex-Premier Georgy Malenkov, now Minister of Power Stations, promised that on his tour of Siberian industrial centers, Nehru would be shown the Soviet Union's new 5,000-kw. atomic power plants. Talking with Western newsmen, Malenkov gave the impression that atomic energy is now his charge. He said affably that he would like to visit the U.S. if it didn't require fingerprints, adding quickly, "I'm only joking."

At week's end, as Nehru left Moscow to tour the provinces, and there was still no joint communiqué affirming common purposes, it was apparent that Moscow probably needed Nehru more than Nehru needed Moscow. To attract to itself some of the aura of peace-loving neutralism which Nehru has made his own particular patent, the Kremlin was willing to pay a price: in New Delhi the Central Committee of the Indian Communist Party announced that it would give up its policy of total opposition, and cooperate with Nehru in his foreign policy and land reforms.

* Actually this was his second visit. Nehru, age 38, saw Moscow with his family in November 1927.

GREAT BRITAIN

Time of Ceremony

"Black Rod! Black Rod!" rang the cry down Westminster's vaulted corridors. The Commons' heavy oak doors clashed shut ahead of the Queen's messenger as they had for 300 years at that cry, in a traditional assertion of independence dating from the time that Charles I invaded the House of Commons with soldiers in an attempt to arrest Hampden, Pym and three other members in 1642. Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, Lieut. General Sir Brian Horrocks—once one of Ike's corps commanders in World War II but now rigged up in knee breeches—knocked three times with his staff at the barred doors. When the doors swung open, he ceremoniously summoned the members to attend upon Her Majesty in the House of Peers.

Thus last week opened the first new Parliament of Queen Elizabeth II's reign. With the traditional show of reluctance, Speaker-elect W. S. ("Shakes") Morrison was duly "dragged" to his chair by his sponsor and seconder. Next day he was conducted to the House of Peers, reported back that he had, in the Commons' name, "laid claim, by humble petition to Her Majesty, to all your ancient and undoubted rights and privileges, particularly to freedom of speech in debate, freedom from arrest, freedom of access to Her Majesty whenever occasion may require..." From 1399 to 1510, six Speakers had lost their heads for presenting such claims—hence the traditional show of reluctance to assume the chair.

Scruffy Reality. As the Speaker began to administer to all members the oath of allegiance to the Queen, there was an outburst of cheers from the members' benches and applause from the visitors' gallery as a rosy, stout figure entered the chamber and took his place just below the gangway. Sir Winston Churchill—who once led all the rest—sat watching quietly as his former government colleagues trooped up ahead of him to take the oath. But when it came the turn of Labor's front bench, Clem Attlee made a gracious gesture. He crossed to Churchill, shook Sir Winston's hand, rested his finger on his shoulder, then motioned him to precede. Together, the two old antagonists, who have governed Britain for the last 15 years, walked up the aisle to the Speaker's chair.

In all this ancient pomp, there was one concession to scruffy present reality. Because of the rail strike, the Queen gave up her traditional golden coach, instead drove to Westminster in a closed car to avoid drawing sightseeing crowds to add to London's traffic snarl. But inside the House of Lords, ancient ceremony took over. Resplendent in white net and *diamanté*, the imperial crown gleaming on her head and heavy purple robes sweeping back from her shoulders, the young Queen read the Speech from the Throne, written for her by "my gov-

ernment," to an assemblage glittering with peers' coronets and robes, the jewels and silks of their wives. The M.P.s, drab in black jackets and business suits, stood respectfully—there are no seats for them in the House of Lords.

Ceremony over, the new Commons quickly reverted to its workaday manners. The Queen's speech, said Attlee tartly, "was paved with good intentions"; and he launched an attack on Eden's handling of the rail strike, then in its second week. When Laborites jeered at an Eden sally, Eden snapped: "The trouble with members opposite is that they all want to be leaders at once."

The gibe struck home, reducing the Labor benches to momentary glum silence.

Inside Labor. At the first meeting of the Labor members of the new Parliament, Attlee was forced to take note of



Alfred Eisenstaedt—LIFE

BLACK ROD
No seats for commoners.

the widespread discontent with Labor's leadership. The murmurs had become shouts after Labor's electoral defeat. The Laborite *Daily Mirror* headlined: ATTLEE MUST GO. Bevanites insisted that Attlee's moderation had cost them the election, that the party must recover its evangelistic fervor—preferably under Nye Bevan himself. Supporters of young (49) Right-Winger Hugh Gaitskill hinted that Labor's leadership had become too old. Boisterous old (67) Hugh Dalton submitted his resignation from the Shadow Cabinet and suggested that other oldsters do likewise. Emanuel Shinwell, 70, and William Whiteley, 72, longtime Labor whip, followed suit. So did schoolmasterly old (72) Chuter Ede, because he thought

younger men needed experience in leadership.

Last week Clem Attlee announced his decision to a meeting of the Labor M.P.s; he would definitely resign at the end of the present session of the House in July 1956. Up leaped Bevan himself. "No!" cried Bevan. "Clem, I implore you not to fix a time for your departure." It would only encourage rivalries just when the party needed to draw its warring factions together, he pleaded. Bevan added quietly: "I have no personal ambitions for leadership at this moment... I have no intention of forcing a contest."

In surprise and relief, most Laborites broke into cheers. But only silence came from Gaitskill's supporters, who had seen in Attlee's departure Gaitskill's chance for promotion. For Bevan, it was a shrewd move. The election had cost him three of his top supporters in the House, and cut the majorities of others. It was no time to make a bid for power. And he had repaid a debt to Attlee, who saved him from expulsion last March. After a short debate, Bevan rose to ask Attlee: "Well, what is your answer?" Attlee rose. "Do you want me to stay?" he asked. The room rumbled approval. "Very well," he said, and that was that.

In the Queen's Name

In days of old, the King's whim formed the country's reward; he gave to favored friends a forest, a few hundred serfs and an earldom. The very titles of prized orders (e.g., Knights of the Garter) reflected the cozy household nature of it all. Last week Queen Elizabeth published her Birthday Honors List, rewarding 2,000 British and Commonwealth subjects, but the choice was largely the concern of her elected ministers, who operate on the principle that what is good for the nation is good for the Queen's list. Only in the arts is the carefree caprice of the royal prerogative sometimes to be seen. The caprices made the headlines, but the top honors went to the most staunchly established pillars of a solvent society:

¶ **Baronies** (with the right to be addressed as "Lord") went to Unilever Board Chairman Sir Geoffrey Heyworth, ex-M.P. and Bank Director Ralph Ashton, Merchant Malcolm S. McCorquodale and World Court Judge Sir Arnold Duncan McNair.

¶ **Knighthoods** (and the right to be addressed as "Sir") went to the British West Indies' onetime rabble-rousing Labor Leader William Alexander Bustamante, who used to cock a snook at Crown and Empire, to a covey of retired generals and admirals, and to a solid phalanx of businessmen.

¶ **The Order of the British Empire** (with the rank of Commander and the right to put the letters C.B.E. after their name) went to Miller Roger Bannister, 26 (see MILESTONES), and to Stage & Screen Star Alec Guinness, 41.

¶ **The Companion of Honor** went to Sculptor Henry Moore.

¶ **The British Empire Medal** was awarded to James Philip Bullen, chief officer in Her

Majesty's Prison at Edinburgh, to Alfred Chalk, Inspector of Flushing for the London County Council, and to some 300 other similarly deserving subjects.

In a list carefully weighed and balanced to avoid any unwonted partisanship, ardent Laborites, faithful aides of Prime Ministers Churchill and Eden (including five members of Churchill's secretariat), and deserving politicians in the dominions beyond the seas were all duly remembered by Her Majesty. Only Roger Bannister's name really caught the public fancy in a list largely devoted to bureaucrats rewarded and diplomats given titles appropriate to their jobs.

But in neighborhood streets, or in overseas dominions (which accounted for nearly half of the Knighthoods), there were flashes of individual pride and pleasure as the list was published. Of all "the incongruous duties which our Constitution imposes upon the Prime Minister," mourned Herbert Henry Asquith more than a quarter of a century ago, "there is none, in my experience, more thankless, more irksome and more invidious than the recommendation of honors to the Crown."

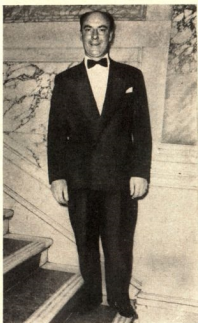
The Impatience of Patience

Since the days when he was first enrolled on the staff at stately 400-year-old Diddington Hall, Rodwell Patience had been a model manservant. As an apple-cheeked footman, he was up at dawn each day to oil the lamps and trim the wicks. No faithful servitor in the vicinity could pad about with such noiseless efficiency or efface himself with such dignity as Patience, and he was a dab at removing the pips from his master's grapes before setting them on table.

In 1930, when the old squire of Diddington died, it was natural that Patience should be elevated by the new squire, Guardsman Noel Thornhill, to the rank of butler.

In private, Mr. Patience and Captain Thornhill often dropped the mask of formality and addressed each other as "Roy" and "Noel," but Patience continued his devoted and impeccable service, even to the extent of tucking the new lord of the manor in bed each night.

Grapes, Gifts, Girls. Last year, when Captain Thornhill, then 73, thought to marry his cousin Cecily, it was Patience the butler who did the proposing and it was Patience who stood by as best man at the wedding. Over the years, in gratitude for such devotion, Thornhill showered his butler with gifts of clothes and money, even of a nine-room house completely furnished. Out of sight of the squire, Patience lived like something of a lord himself. When the daily grind of grape-pitting at the manor was over, Patience would slip away, clad in the best, and whisk off 50 miles to London in his master's Jaguar to flash £5 notes in the eyes of a bevy of girl friends. By the time his master married, Patience himself was already paying alimony to one ex-wife, supporting another and paying ardent court to a prospective third. Where, won-



Keystone Press Agency
DIDDINGTON'S BUTLER
A dab with three pips.

dered the local police, who kept a closer eye on Butler Patience than his master was, he was getting the money to spend?

Lawyers and Legacies. Last December, as Captain Thornhill, lord of the manor of Diddington, lay dying of a stroke, the police found their answer in the bare bedrooms of the old house itself. Patience was hauled off to court and charged with stealing some £3,000 worth of family heirlooms. The family lawyers promptly fired him.

Twenty-three days later, without ever learning of his former butler's perfidy, the squire of Diddington died. In his will, he left Patience a handsome legacy—some \$30,000 in cash and a lifetime income—on condition that the butler was still in his service when he died.

Last week, deprived of the riches his greedy impatience had cost him, Rodwell Patience, ex-butler, stood in a dock at Norwich and heard himself sentenced to six years in prison. "Thank you, my lord," he said with an impeccable bow when the judge had finished.

ITALY

Victory in Sicily

For weeks all Italy had been watching the campaign for a regional legislature which has no direct bearing on the national government. But Premier Mario Scelba's Christian Democrats had declared the Sicilian elections a test of their anti-Communist program, and the Communists had accepted the challenge.

Last week 2,322,616 Sicilians voted and the verdict was a resounding victory for the Christian Democrats. They increased their share of the total vote from 31.2% in 1951 to 38.6%. They increased their

seats in Sicily's parliament from 30 to 37, giving their regional government, which in Sicily acts in coalition with the Monarchists, an absolute majority. For the Communists, who had been answering losses in northern Italy with the claim that they were gaining in the south, the setback was sharp. They not only failed to gain, but even dropped some 17,000 votes since the 1953 general election. The Communist-Socialist bloc, however, held its 30 seats because Nenni's fellow-traveling Socialists picked up 55,000 votes.

But the Christian Democratic victory in Sicily only emphasized the divisions of the party in Rome. Rejoicing most was the faction headed by Party Secretary Amintore Fanfani, who had run the campaign, poured money and workers into Sicily to offset the Communists' \$10 million election drive, and conclusively demonstrated that he could influence voters and win elections.

By increasing Fanfani's stature, the elections diminished the influence of Scelba himself. Fanfani had scored another point. Scelba has always insisted that the Christian Democrats' coalition with the small center parties (Liberals, Republicans and Social Democrats) is the only possible government in the present Parliament, and that a stable government is essential even if its disagreements result in *immobilismo* (doing nothing). Fanfani has argued that these splinter parties hobble any effective Christian-Democratic program. In the Sicilian elections, the small parties lost almost half their votes, giving weight to Fanfani's thesis.

Scelba was also under attack from his party's right wing, led by ex-Premier Pella. This week Scelba faces a vote of confidence, and the word was out that his days in office are numbered. The numbering is not new: it has gone on ever since he took office. As of last week, Mario Scelba's days in office numbered 487.

WEST GERMANY

Precedents & Safeguards

By joining the Western alliance, West Germany got the right, and the duty, to form an army. Chancellor Adenauer was anxious to get started before the new, balmy atmosphere from the East thawed his nation's resolve. Knowing that he must beware of many, inside and out of Germany, who still fear German militarism, he moved surely as ever, but more quickly than usual. On Monday morning last week he visited President Heuss, tendered his own resignation as Foreign Minister (a job he has combined with the Chancellorship for four years), and nominated two key new ministers:

☛ To be Foreign Minister: his friend, Heinrich von Brentano (see box).
☛ To be Minister for Defense: small (5 ft. 4 in.) Trade Unionist Theodor Blank, 49, since 1950 head of a shadow defense ministry called "Bureau Blank," which is set up in a dingy brick building in a Bonn back street. In 1933, Union Organizer Blank chose unemployment rather than

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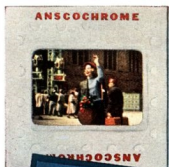
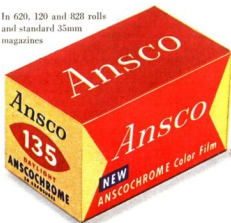
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the Nazi *Arbeitsfront*. When war came he joined the *Wehrmacht* as a private, finished up as a first lieutenant in an American P.W. camp. Blank makes frequent speeches about how the new army will be de-Prussianized; the real soldiers who will command the troops are currently being kept out of the headlines.

At the same time, Adenauer put pressure on the Bundesrat (the Upper House) to push through an emergency bill for recruiting army volunteers, without waiting for the complicated enabling legislation setting up terms of the new army.

But there are others, too, who fear a Blank check. They protested that Adenauer's three-paragraph emergency bill set precedents without creating safeguards. By a unanimous vote, the Bundesrat (where Adenauer usually has his way) sent his bill back with a demand for clarification of policy.

Rising Young Man

West Germany has successfully cleared its rubble, and achieved a hard-won economic recovery. But how successfully has it cleared its old habits of thought? Opportunities to test such changes of mind are hard to come by. Last week a cabinet crisis in Lower Saxony provided a dramatic test case.

When a new state government took office last month, the job of Minister of Culture went to aggressive, 34-year-old Leonhard Schlüter. He had been a hard, bright, ambitious youngster in Hitler's Germany. His mother was half-Jewish, but somehow even this did not handicap him too much. While some of his relatives were killed in concentration camps, young Schlüter went into Hitler's *Wehrmacht*, won a decoration in France, was wounded and discharged, then entered the University of Göttingen as a law student.

When to Shift. When the British occupied Lower Saxony, Schlüter presented himself as a victim who had suffered for his trace of Jewish blood, got a job as a high-ranking police officer in the Göttingen Allied Military Government. He proved a tough cop, efficient at rounding up local Nazis, but just as rough on others, too. But when his administration was involved in accusations of bribery, embezzlement and maltreatment, the British fired him.

Schlüter turned to politics, and displayed a blatant affinity for Nazism. "National Socialism is the most healthy movement in Germany since the turn of the century," he is reported to have shouted from a political platform. In the ultranationalist region of Lower Saxony and in the disorder of early postwar politics, such demagoguery served him well. But he always knew when to shift his line, when to recall his Jewish blood and pose as a victim of the Nazis.

He became an organizer of extreme right political parties in the British zone, won a seat in the Göttingen town council, and headed a publishing house whose favorite authors were old Nazis justifying their pasts. In 1949 the British banned him from politics. But with the end of

WEST GERMANY'S FOREIGN MINISTER

Last week sovereign West Germany got its first full-time Foreign Minister: Heinrich von Brentano.



Camera Press—Pix

Born: June 20, 1904, at Offenbach am Main, near Frankfurt.

Family: Of Milanese origin, the Brentano di Tremezzo banking and merchant family moved into Germany in the 18th century, where they established deep cultural ties. Famed 19th century Brentanos: Bettina, friend of Goethe; Poet Clemens (*The Lorelei*); Philosopher Franz; Economist Lujo; democratic Revolutionary Lorenz. Otto von Brentano, the new Minister's father, was a lawyer and statesman of the Weimar Republic; brother Clemens is now German Ambassador to Italy; onetime fellow-traveling Novelist Bernard von Brentano is another brother.

Education: At Darmstadt schools, excelling in Latin and Greek; studied law at the universities of Frankfurt, Giessen, Munich and Grenoble (France); took over the family law practice in 1932. Speaks good French and Italian, fair English.

Political Record: There were few more outspoken critics of Hitler than his brother Clemens. His brother Bernard was driven into exile for his anti-Fascist book, *The Beginnings of Barbarism in Germany*. Said Heinrich, on hearing his family record praised: "There is nothing extraordinary about it; the contrary would have been extraordinary." A founding member of the Christian Democratic Union in

Hesse, the new Foreign Minister entered politics in 1945 because (as he told a *TIME* correspondent), "In those days you Americans did not seem to think there were any decent Germans except the Social Democrats. We had to show you differently." Elected to the Bundestag, he is a faithful and trusted supporter of Adenauer, who made him party floor leader. He is Chairman of the Constitutional Committee of the Parliament of Europe.

Personal Life: Youngest of six children, Heinrich von Brentano devoted many years of his life to the care of his widowed mother; a confirmed bachelor whose hobbies are collecting silver and old furniture for his apartments in Darmstadt and Bonn, he is a connoisseur of wines and highbrow conversation, an admirer of Thomas Mann. Says he of cocktail parties: "When I have to go to any of them, I tell my chauffeur not to switch off the gas, for I'll be back in a few minutes." A hater of demagoguery, and himself a poor orator, he has a first-rate legal mind and is an able negotiator. In interviews a tense and nervous man, he is a chain cigarette smoker and an incessant coffee drinker.

His Job: As boss of almost a thousand officials, 35% of them ex-Nazis, 10% of them Nazi victims, he will carry out Adenauer foreign policy, relieve the aging Chancellor of details,

military government, he was back with a new party that he called the National Right, and got elected to the Lower Saxony parliament. Two weeks later he abandoned his own party, jumped over to the more respected Free Democrats, the right wing of Chancellor Adenauer's four-party federal coalition. Despite his past, he rose fast in the FDP, was a party leader in Lower Saxony when he became Minister of Culture.

War of Protest. When his appointment was announced, the rector and his entire senate (some 20 professors) at the University of Göttingen resigned in shocked protest. Then followed one of the most heartfelt outbursts of democratic feeling in West Germany's brief history. Students all over Germany protested; Göttingen's 5,000 students remained off campus, educators and scientists flooded the state government with protests. The West German press blasted him with editorials, devoting more space to his case than to Khrushchev's visit to Belgrade. Said the respected *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*: "Schlüter is not accused of a

false belief of yesterday but of wrong actions today. These actions are opposed to the idea of freedom." Last week, bowing to this wave of protest, Schlüter resigned as Minister of Culture.

KENYA

Open the Highlands

In colonial Kenya, the best farmlands are the Highlands, known as the White Highlands because only white settlers are permitted to own land there. Forty-three thousand whites share about 12,000 sq. mi. of the Highlands, while the colony's 5,300,000 Africans are crowded into 52,000 sq. mi. of less desirable farmlands down below, or scabble for their living in the arid, underdeveloped "Crown Lands"—a euphemism for wilderness. For many years the million-strong Kikuyu tribe, less uneducated than most and peacefully inclined, talked hopefully of expanding their holdings into the White Highlands; instead, the white settlers told them to go expand into the Crown Lands, and vaguely talked of irrigation projects that

would some day make the Crown Lands bloom. Frustrated, many of the Kikuyu farmers turned to other occupations, including joining the Mau Mau and beheading whites.

Two years ago, Britain's Tory government, while busy fighting off the Mau Mau, appointed a Royal Commission to take a long, slow look at the East African problem. Last week, in a thoroughgoing, 482-page report, the Royal Commission made one overriding recommendation: the White Highlands must be opened up to African ownership, and African land ghettos must be done away with. As for the Africans, the commission urged them to drop their old ways of tribal land ownership, and to switch to individual or family land ownership.

Considering that the Mau Mau shooting war is still on, and that Kenya's black v. white feeling runs high, the Royal Commission's report had a Utopian and distant sound about it. The diehard majority of British settlers is sure to oppose it, and to try to sabotage any attempt at implementation; the settlers can say, with reason, that conditions for peaceful transfer of land between races do not now exist. But some day soon in darkest East Africa, a start must somehow be made; something new must be offered the Africans in place of blood-cults and drums, prejudice and pangas flashing in the night.

JAPAN

The Open Door

After more than two years of knocking at the door of GATT (General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade), Japan was invited in. The invitation extended last week represented months of hard negotiation by the U.S., which had to prevail over the fears of several nations (notably Britain, France, Australia) that Japan's admission would loose a flood of cheap Japanese goods on the world. The U.S. argument is that Japan must have the trading opportunities of GATT to counter the economic blandishments of Moscow and Peking.

Before Japan can cross the threshold to full membership, two-thirds of GATT's 34 members must approve her entry. Seventeen nations, including the U.S., already have signed or are negotiating contracts with Japan under the GATT regulations. The Japanese expect these contracts will lower her annual trade deficit by \$40 million, mostly by more sales to the U.S. of Japanese cameras, binoculars, tuna, chinaware and toys.

The State Department calls Japan's invitation to GATT a "notable achievement for the U.S. foreign economic program," and the delighted Japanese officials in Geneva poured champagne. But Britain, beset by Japan's competition with her depressed Lancashire textile industry, announced that it would not extend GATT's most-favored-nation treatment to Japan. Also outraged: the American Cotton Manufacturers Institute, which called the new U.S. tariff agreement with Japan "a staggering blow" to U.S. textile makers.

SOUTH VIET NAM

Down Go the Hoa Hao

As if to celebrate the first anniversary of his coming to power, Premier Ngo Dinh Diem struck three heavy blows last week against the Hoa Hao (pronounced Wha-How), the second of his country's rebellious warlord sects. Diem sent in two nationalist infantry divisions and four amphibious groups against the Hoa Hao, a rowdy private army of dissident Buddhists who run their own feudal entity—and squeeze the peasants with taxes—in rice-rich western Viet Nam. Premier Diem first offered the Hoa Hao a chance to integrate themselves into the national army and form a peaceful political party, but the Hoa Hao replied by raiding Diem's outposts and blowing up bridges. Ba Cut, commander of the Hoa Hao army, who



François Sully

WARLORD BA CUT
Civil wars do not a country make.

wears his hair neck-long in protest against the Geneva Treaty, threatened to behead Ngo Dinh Diem as a warning to those who did not fear the mighty Hoa Hao.

Behind a brisk barrage from 105-mm. field guns, Diem's nationalists, led by a 27-year-old colonel, stormed three Hoa Hao headquarters, forcing the chocolate-colored Mekong River, skittering black pigs and yellow dogs along with the scurrying Hoa Hao. The nationalists lost 40 killed and wounded, but the show was soon over. Only a few hours after the Diem barrage began, one-third of the Hoa Hao laid down their arms and Commander Ba Cut fled for the hills.

"We get good training, fighting the Hoa Hao," exulted one of Diem's young commanders. "We keep ourselves in shape, while the Communist army stays idle." It was hardly that much of a victory for a dissension-torn country: civil wars do not a country make. But winning them is a necessity for Diem if his regime is to last.

FRENCH WEST AFRICA

The Ebony Market

"Mohammed Ali Ag Attaher, a rich and powerful man, engaged me as a servant," a half-naked African told the French police in Bamako. "At the same time he hired another man and his wife and child. That was a long time ago—about 15 years. I should say. All of us made the holy pilgrimage to Mecca, and there my master sent me to work at the house of Prince Abdullah Feisal. Long months went by and one day I learned that Mohammed Ali had returned to Africa. The prince ordered me to come before him and told me that I was no longer a free man but had been sold as a slave. Several years later, the prince ordered his overseer to sell me in the slave market of Jidda. I was taken there in a truck. I entered a large, obscure hall. There were many men and women gathered there—slaves like myself. I managed to escape. . . . Several times I tried to slip aboard boats leaving for Africa. But the police were on my tracks. Nevertheless, I managed to stow away in a cargo ship and reached the Sudan. I was free. . . .

"In Arabia I saw many slaves of my race. There are slave markets in all the big towns there. The slave traffic starts at sundown. The big chiefs examine us and select those they want, just like at a camel fair. You can buy a man like me for a pinch of gold."

Ex-Slave Awad El Goud is only one of many French African Moslems who have been kidnapped into slavery as pilgrims to Mecca. Last week his story was told in Paris by Emmanuel La Gravière, Calvinist minister and Assemblyman of the French Union. "In the course of an investigation over the past few months in French West Africa," said La Gravière, "I have obtained proof that several hundred Negroes have been sent as slaves by African dealers to the Arab states of Yemen and Saudi Arabia. The Arab is a proud man and there are certain domestic jobs he doesn't like to do. If he can afford it, he wants slaves to do them."

With their new, oil-born wealth, the minister went on, many Arabs can now afford this luxury, and many procurers in the French Sudan, Ubangi-shari, Chad, the Cameroons and some British territories are ready and willing to satisfy their needs on "the ebony market" at prices ranging from \$1,150 to a paltry \$570 per slave (women usually sell for slightly more than men). La Gravière's charges and the evidence which supported them have already sparked the French police into an investigation.

In 1950 a U.N. Economic and Social Council committee on forced labor sent out a questionnaire urging all member nations to report on the extent of slavery in their territories. Loftily denying the existence of such a horrid thing, the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia never answered the questionnaire. Anti-Slaver La Gravière hopes his own nation will put the problem before the U.N. General Assembly.

THE HEMISPHERE

ARGENTINA

Defiant Faith

In loyalty to their faith, a vast crowd of Roman Catholics gathered in Buenos Aires last week and victoriously defied Strongman Juan Perón. While a special Corpus Christi procession was held inside the packed cathedral on the Plaza de Mayo, 100,000 Catholics knelt outside under the afternoon sky. After the ceremonies, the crowd formed into a broad river and flowed, slowly and silently at first, toward the federal Congress building.

A Rumble of Prayers. The marchers expected the police of President Perón, who has been feuding with the Catholic Church since last October, to attack. Not a police car came within sight. The pace of the march quickened, and silence gave way to a rumble of prayers and hymns. Halting before the Congressional Palace, the crowd watched as leaders raised a blue-and-white Argentine flag and a yellow-and-white Vatican flag on the building's flagpole. Several agile demonstrators clambered up the scaffolding of a huge Peronista Party billboard and draped it with the Argentine and Vatican colors.

As they kept up their march, unmolested by the police, the Catholics sensed that they had won the day; they were so numerous and so united that Perón & Co. did not dare to try force against them. What had started out as a grim march of defiance turned into a victory parade, cheered on by watchers from windows and balconies. Until the thinned-out procession finally broke up, the Catholic marchers—and not the police—ruled the streets of the nation's capital.

A Charge of Vandalism. The procession in the cathedral actually took place two days after Corpus Christi Day. Because Perón had cut that feast day from the list of national holidays, the archdiocese of Buenos Aires postponed the traditional Corpus Christi procession from Thursday to Saturday so that more workmen could attend. In an attempt to divert Catholics from the Plaza de Mayo, Perón & Co. timed Boxer Pascual Pérez' homecoming from Japan (where he had defended his world flyweight championship) to coincide with the Corpus Christi ceremonies. At midweek the government invoked the law, passed after the church feud broke out, banning outdoor religious gatherings without police permission.

Announced Interior Minister Angel Gabriel Borlenghi: "The prelates had erred in assuming that a procession could be held on Saturday after permission had been given for Corpus Christi Day proper." On Saturday, the Peronista press and radio announced that the ceremonies had been called off. The government drastically slowed down service on streetcar, bus and subway lines leading toward the Plaza de Mayo, but the Catholics came anyway, some of them walking miles from their homes in the suburbs.



MINISTER BORLENGHI

From Angel Gabriel, sour notes.

Sunday a mob attacked the Metropolitan Cathedral in downtown Buenos Aires hurling stones and fruit while it chanted "Long live Perón, down with the Pope." As a priest sang a Mass inside, a crowd gathered on the steps of the cathedral while opponents hurled stones and rotten fruit and fired a few shots. The crowd answered, "Long live Christ the King." When the faithful were at last driven from the steps, the mob stoned the windows of the Episcopal Palace. Perón rushed to his office, ordered all outdoor religious activities suspended.



Toronto Telegram

PREMIER FROST

From the voters, sweet majorities.

CANADA

Home-Defense Buildup

Canadian defense strategy took a historic turn last week. The old concept meant preparedness for overseas wars; the new emphasizes air power and radar screens for home defense. In Canada's new \$1,775,000,000 defense budget, the biggest share (42¢ of every \$1) was assigned to the Royal Canadian Air Force. Part of the appropriation will be spent to build and man more Canada-U.S. radar stations in the Far North. One radar network, the Pinetree Chain, is already in operation, and two more are being built this year. The balance of the air force's budget will be used to make the R.C.A.F. the nation's biggest service, with 41 squadrons (2,845 planes) and a regular strength of 51,000 v. 49,000 in the army, 20,000 in the navy.

Tory Landslide

Although Canadians have kept Liberal governments in power in Ottawa for 20 years, Canada is by no means a one-party country. In provincial elections held last week in Ontario, Canada's most populous province, the Progressive Conservative (Tory) government, led by Premier Leslie M. Campbell Frost, won a smashing victory and was returned to office for a fifth straight term. The Tories captured 83 seats in the 98-seat legislature, while the Liberals, even with the strong backing of their party's powerful administration in Ottawa, could win only ten.

The Tory victory was largely a personal triumph for Premier Leslie Frost, 59. A genial small-town lawyer from Lindsay, Ont. (pop. 9,603), Frost took over the premiership in 1949 and steadily built up the Tory vote by running a smooth, prosperous administration. One of his first moves was to settle a long taxation feud between the Ontario and federal governments. Frost tried no spectacular political experiments, but he kept taxes low, increased welfare grants, ran his cabinet so efficiently that hardly a hint of discord ever was heard outside the caucus room.

Frost traveled tirelessly over the province, delivering warm, neighborly talks to the voters, steadily spreading his reputation as a man of good will by studiously refraining from sharp criticism or controversy with his opponents. Said he: "I have endeavored never to be harsh with people." The voters evidently like his friendly manner; plenty of them went right on voting Liberal in national elections, but when Les Frost ran in his own league, they gave him landslide majorities.

His phenomenal success in Ontario inevitably caused Tory Party chiefs to wonder about Frost as a potential leader for the wilderness-wandering national Tory Party, which has lost every major election since 1935. Frost has always rejected the suggestion, stoutly disclaiming any ambition to challenge the Liberals in the national political arena.

PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

After dropping down to the Air Force University at Montgomery, Ala. to make a commencement speech, highbanded TV Impresario **Arthur Godfrey** made some less salutary remarks on a telecast. His target: Montgomery, the state's capital; it gets so hot there, said Godfrey, that folks would just curl up and die if they didn't have air conditioning. Its civic pride bruised, Montgomery's daily *Advertiser* promptly cracked back: "Before we comment on Arthur Godfrey's wicked attack . . . we want it clearly understood that we don't listen to the bum." Regretted the *Advertiser*: if only Godfrey had visited the city when the mercury topped 100°, Montgomerians could be "doubly sure that he won't be back." Quick to take umbrage at this affront was Alabama's mountainous (6 ft. 8 in., 248 lbs.) Governor **James E. ("Kissin' Jim") Folsom**, who hates the *Advertiser* ("them lying newspapers") as much as it depletes him, reads no Alabama daily newspaper at all. To Godfrey from Kissin' Jim went a sympathetic letter of apology. Folsom just wanted Godfrey to know that he is "one of the greatest entertainers of all kinds," gave him an official hurry-back "at any time."

The Louvre's Museum of Decorative Arts honored Spanish-born Painter **Pablo Picasso** with a panoramic exhibition of his works, thus marked his 75th birthday and the 54th anniversary of his arrival in France. Picasso himself, waiting for the crowd to thin before going to his own show, holed up in his new Cannes villa with a mysterious new girl friend, fortyish, known as Madame Z. As a long line of limousines poured out specially invited guests on opening day, a grim little old lady, topped by a black straw hat cluttered with artificial flowers, showed up, herself looking like a 19th century period

piece. She was none other than **Alice B. Toklas**, 79, longtime companion of Poetess **Gertrude** ("A rose is a rose is a rose") **Stein**. She soon headed for the famed portrait of Literary Lioness Stein that Picasso painted in 1906, gazed at it with a touch of blank sadness, moved on. Said Critic Toklas: "The show is excellent but rather short on blue-and-rose-period works."

Personal real estate transaction of the week: The Dunes, a 50-acre Long Island seashore estate, was bought by Auto Tycoon **Henry Ford II** (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS) from retired (66) Cinemactor **Richard (To'able David) Barthelmess**.

After a concert in Frankfurt, Maestro **Leopold Stokowski**, guest conductor of the symphony orchestra that plays under



CONDUCTOR STOKOWSKI
Peek.

the aegis of the Hessian radio station in West Germany, put on no airs as he graciously received the applause of his listeners. Main reason for his refraining from his customary theatricality: white-maned Conductor Stokowski, 73, also renowned as the estranged husband of Actress-Painter - Poetess - Millionheiress **Gloria Vanderbilt Stokowska**, 31, had banned all pictures of the concert, was unaware that a camera had fixed its evil eye upon him.

At the eighth annual Democrat-Republican baseball game in Washington, New Jersey's rippling (350 lbs.) Democratic Representative **T. (for Thomas) James Tumulty** frisked through some horseplay with his teammate and close congressional pal, California's **James Roosevelt**, left-fielder. Bellowed Tumulty: "When I get up, I'll have to hit a home run because I sure could never run out a hit to first



BUSH-LEAGUERS TUMULTY & ROOSEVELT
Dribbler.

base!" When one-inning Third Baseman Tumulty came to bat, a pinch runner was ready to do his legwork for him, but hurly-burly "T.J." hit only a short dribbler, was thrown out at first.* Helped by such feeble batting as Tumulty's, Roosevelt's strike-out, and five Democratic errors, the G.O.P., making only one error, forged ahead, crushed the Democrats in five innings, 12-4. It was the first Republican victory in the history of the congressional event.

A Hollywood TV film producer decided that high-spirited Actor **John Barrymore Jr.**, 22, was acting too much like a chip off the late Great Profile, slapped a \$55,750 breach-of-contract suit on him for acting up while making a string of movies in England. The charges, similar to those made against Junior last August by a Connecticut summer theater: uncouth public squabbles with his wife Cara, insults to other actors, all-round misbehavior.

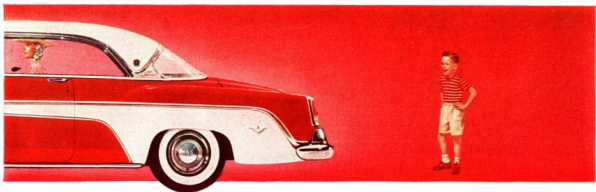
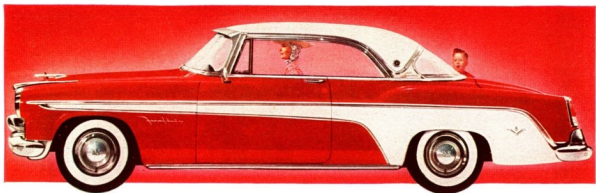
Architect **Frank Lloyd Wright**, long in the habit of addressing himself boldly to posterity, celebrated his 86th birthday by spouting pronouncements on everything from the skyscraper ("Ought to go out into the country . . . cast its shadow on its own ground") to the drift toward egalitarianism ("Going to be the death of democracy"). Then, with boyish glee, he burred: "As for me, if I felt any better I couldn't stand it!"

Grounded for a month: Avistrix **Jacqueline Auriol**, 37, daughter-in-law of France's ex-President Auriol and recent

* Some suspect that Tumulty is more opportunist than clown. In his own district, Jersey City's monthly *Independent*, a non-partisan newsletter, ticked him off in an imaginary interview. Sample: "Q. They say that you jump too easily/ From the Donkey's back to the G.O.P./ Would you care to comment, Mr. T.J.? A. 'I'm for only one party/ A grand old party/ And that grand old party is ME.'"



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setter of the women's unofficial speed record (TIME, June 13). The grounds for her grounding were tersely set forth by a nettled official of Brétigny Air Center, where Jacqueline, a madcap in a cockpit, seared her new mark (708 m.p.h.): "You have flown too low, too fast. You have taken too many risks. You will be punished and suspended."

In a baccalaureate speech at Massachusetts' Brandeis University, Mrs. **Eleanor Roosevelt** lamented the end of America's revolutionary enterprise. However, she saw a successor to carry on the torch: "I can think of only one country which today contains the spirit which founded America, and that is the state of Israel. Here one finds all of the intense excitement and total devotion that goes into the building of a nation. I believe that we here in America have lost this sense of excitement and deep responsibility."

Winging into Los Angeles after a ten-day Australian tour, Comic **Bob Hope** reported to newsmen that great preparations are under way Down Under for the 1956 Olympic games, mused that he himself was thinking of trying to wangle a spot on the U.S. team. He had a hankering to throw a javelin, he said, and "I'll throw Sinatra."

Former State Department Official **Alger Hiss**, 50, released last November after serving 44 months for perjury in denying that he had passed secret Government papers to onetime Communist Courier **Whittaker Chambers**, was handed a summons by a Manhattan cop. The charge, followed by a plea of guilty: playing catch in a restricted area of Washington Square Park with son Tony, 13, and another lad. Penalty: a \$3 fine.

Racing through the pages of Author Raymond Thorp's *Bowie Knife*, Iraq's impressionable young (20) **King Feisal II** got so excited about the wonderful versatility of such a weapon* that he instructed his aide-de-camp to try to get one of the genuine articles from the book's publisher, the University of New Mexico Press. Word of Feisal's request splashed into U.S. wire services, and soon the university's President **Tom Popejoy** was being showered with offers of stiletos, daggers, cheese knives and bodkins from all over. San Antonio's Chamber of Commerce sent Popejoy, for forwarding to Baghdad, an absolutely original Bowie knife (it said so right on the blade, which was "made in Germany"). At week's end, Author Thorp himself came to the rescue, ordered a skilled cutlery man to hone out a genuine imitation for His Majesty.

* The knife, one of the best all-round weapons of its sort ever invented (useful for any chore from spreading butter to disemboweling enemies, also good for throwing), is still a topic of controversy among experts on such hardware. The question: Was it devised by obscure Frontiersman Rezin P. Bowie or by his famed brother, heroic Colonel James Bowie, who died in the siege of the Alamo?

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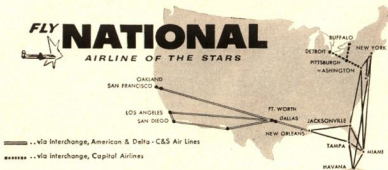
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MUSIC

Peking to Paris

Peking opera hit Paris last week, and Paris was fascinated. "The most beautiful spectacle in the world," marveled the weekly *Carrefour*. "More than original and singular . . . prodigious," said *Le Figaro*. "By comparison," added the awed *Arts*, "Frenchmen see themselves as barbarians." Night after night, the company, official representative of the People's Republic of China to Paris' International Theater Festival, exploded like a magnum of vintage champagne.

In truth, the potion was more like a pousse-café, an adroitly chosen series of excerpts from Chinese operas that—in China—may run as long as seven hours

soft boom of a gong gave sound to the sensation of naked steel flashing past an ear. "The whole scene," said an American, "is the funniest thing since the Marx Brothers were turned loose."

After that, there was a lyrical interlude about a pair of magical serpents, one white, one green, who turn themselves into girls, one loving, one murderous. Then followed a sensational display of acting, dancing and pantomime called *Troubles in the Heavenly Kingdom*, in which a talented performer named Wang Ming-chung played the part of the immortal Monkey King who defeated the gods in a rough-and-tumble battle. Finally came an acrobatic ballet and a short, exotic concert on stage, featuring such



PEKING'S WANG MING-CHUNG (AS MONKEY KING) & PARTNER
After 1,200 years, delightful chop suey.

apiece. It went heavy on astonishing acrobatics, mimicry and comic pantomime, the spectacular sauce of the Chinese originals. What was left of the dramas was put across by exquisite, formalized gestures, e.g., a tearless eye elaborately wiped on a sleeve, a circular motion of a hand on breast to indicate meditation, a ritual lifting of feet as actors entered the stage. All these were perfectly punctuated by the gaudy sounds of nasal voices, rattling drums, clanging gongs.

Wicked Swish. The first number was from a century-old skit called *The Three Encounters*, in which a suspicious innkeeper crept into a knight's room at night, determined to kill him. What followed turned into a riotous pantomime. The two men groped toward each other as if they were in inky darkness, making fearful swipes with enormous, curved swords. The antagonists darted, pivoted and leaped over each other while the reedy tones of a Chinese fiddle underlined the wicked swish of a snickersnee, and the

instruments as the *hsiao* (bamboo flute), *sheng* (a super mouth organ), *hsiao-na* (a straight wooden bugle with a copper bell) and several small drums. When it was all over and the audience was applauding thunderously, the whole troupe appeared onstage and returned the applause—an innovation of the Communists to show solidarity between workers onstage and off.

From the Moon. Peking opera, the most famed and influential of many Chinese schools, is a mere 1,241 years old. Its founder was Emperor Hsuan who set it up, so the story goes, after he visited the moon and developed a taste for the entertainment in the Jade Palace of the lunar emperor. Luxurious as it is, Chinese opera is true popular entertainment, attended by anybody who can spare a few pennies, until its plots and morals have become a basic part of the culture. Before the Communists took over, the public lounged at performances, eating, chatting over the clangor of the orchestra.

nursing their young, knowing the plots by heart.

The new regime decreed better audience manners. But the Communists recognized a well-oiled propaganda machine when they saw one, changed only a few operatic traditions. "We reject pieces which only serve to develop a base and servile mentality in regard to feudal chiefs, or which injure the people by showing them scenes of cruelty, horror, immorality or superstition," explained a party-line pamphlet.

It bothered the French hardly at all that they were being served up operatic chop suey. (Grouched one dissenter: "What opinion would the Chinese have of . . . our theater if we offered a program composed in this fashion: 1) entertainment from *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, 2) entertainment from *Le Malade Imaginaire*, 3) chorus and finale from *Psyche*, 4) excerpts from *Lully*!") Essentially Paris was completely charmed by the freshness and novelty of it all. It was, as Critic Claude Baignères said, "a theater which makes an absolute synthesis of dance, music and mime . . . where everything conspires in favor of the most aristocratic pleasure."

Dixie Slot

Moving northward from Manhattan's Times Square through the garish canyon of Seventh Avenue, the traveler finds a varied evening cacophony. Bus engines whine. Subway trains roar through sidewalk gratings. On a corner a Salvation Army band pleads *Onward! Christian Soldiers*. Suddenly, through an open door, comes a shattering crash and a high-pitched wail, and a competing hymn bounces through the tortured air: *When the Saints Go Marching In*.

Passers-by stop under a glittering Gold Coast marquee that spells out "Metropole Café," peer into the gloom to see where all the noise is coming from. What they see looks like an alley lined with mirrors. On one side is a 110-ft.-long bar, on the other a cluster of dime-size tables. Behind the bar, on a narrow, chest-high platform, is a line of musicians, cash registers at their toes and microphones at their shoulders. The Metropole, it turns out, is one of the sturdiest Northern outposts of an obsolescent brand of music: Dixieland jazz.

3 p.m. to 3 a.m. There are few youngsters among Dixielanders any more. Star of the Metropole is a portly, weather-beaten trumpeter named Henry ("Red") Allen, 47, a man of long experience in the New Orleans school and an uninhibited buffoon. To get things warmed up, he raps out either *Shake a Hand* (everybody shakes a hand) or an insistent *Kiss Your Baby* (if there is no one to kiss unscotched women, a waiter may do the honors). Other numbers include such oldtime favorites as *I Thought I Heard Benny Bolden Say, Trees, Memphis Blues, Basin Street*.

For years the Metropole featured a mid-Victorian atmosphere, with small crystal chandeliers dangling from its stucco ceiling, and a Gay Nineties revue on



Gordon Mackenzie, Manager of Monroe's Downtown N. Y. Branch. With Monroe since '38. Wartime Naval Commander. Mac and wife are active in Summit, N. J. civic and golf circles. He's Dartmouth club member. Shown with sons: Gordon Jr., Princeton '57; David, Yale '58

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JAZZMEN ALLEN & BAILEY

Way up North with a high-pitched wail. Its narrow platform. When febrile '54 lost interest, the café took a flyer on jazz, tentatively signed Dixieland Trumpeter Jimmy McPartland & Co. Since then, the Metropole has parlayed its music and saloonlike atmosphere into one of Manhattan's most successful jazz slots. The clientele is as mixed as a parade crowd: servicemen, college kids, tourists, jazz fans, a few unattached girls, and sometimes such celebrities as Gloria Vanderbilt Stokowska and Crooner Eddie Fisher.

Nowadays, Trumpeters Allen and Charlie Shavers head two full-time, six-man bands that include jazz-gifted oldtimers Clarinetist Buster Bailey, Pianist Claude Hopkins, Bassist Milt Hinton, and Trombonist "Big Chief" (350 lbs.) Russell Moore. With the help of six other musicians who gather in smaller combos, they play their way from a slow 3 p.m. start to a frenzied 3 a.m. finish.

Steamed-Up Antics. The Metropole's regular musicians like their job, partly because the work is steady and requires no traveling, partly because the Dixieland market has leveled off. The pay? "Ah," growls Red Allen happily, "the Metropole don't retard on the loot."

Nor do the boys retard on the noise. Whatever the number, the decibel is mightier than the dolce. Dixieland's adolescent nights, with their soulful solos, apparently are lost in the dim past, and they to be replaced mostly by steamed-up, middle-aged antics. When the two bands get together for a jam session, the four chandeliers have been known to shake and rattle while the music rolled. The bartenders are so used to making themselves heard above the din that they shout even when talking to their wives at home, and they have developed an aptitude for lip reading to understand drink orders. As for the Metropole's manager, he sees a doctor once a week for a chronic headache. He can afford to.



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MEDICINE

Premature & Crippled

The nation's top polio experts and health authorities got around last week to telling the public what had gone wrong, and how and why, with the grandiose plan to inoculate tens of millions of children with Salk polio vaccine in 1955. For the most part, they confirmed what critics have suspected for a long time: it was a mistake to try the whizbang jump in little more than a year from laboratory production of the vaccine to manufacturing in tank-car volume. Many vital facts simply were not known when the leap to factory-scale production was made. In the light of this new knowledge, they implied, not only the methods of making and testing the vaccine but also the vaccine itself will be drastically altered as soon as possible.

Surgeon General Leonard A. Scheele of the U.S. Public Health Service and his deputy, James Shannon, picked a polio symposium at the American Medical Association's convention in Atlantic City as the forum for their first report. Then Dr. Scheele released a 163-page "white paper" for President Eisenhower. After that, he and Shannon spelled out for the press the detailed meaning of their revelations. The week's main disclosures:

¶ In producing vaccine for 1954's trial vaccinations, authorities had many a moment of anguished doubt, because multiple testing in three separate laboratories (using supposedly identical methods) got conflicting results with the same material.

¶ When P.H.S. licensed six firms to manufacture vaccine last April, both P.H.S. and the vaccine's developer, Dr. Jonas E. Salk, urged that manufacturers be required to show that they could produce safe vaccine consistently, in batch after batch. But this requirement was neither defined by P.H.S. nor was it enforced by the Government agency. As a result, manufacturers told P.H.S. only about the batches they considered safe, did not report on those that went down the drain as obviously dangerous. Hence, P.H.S. was not aware of how the odds were running against safe vaccine.

¶ Until requirements were tightened recently, different manufacturers were operating with apparently different safety factors: two companies made such faithful tests that they had a 99.9% or better chance of detecting a bad batch; one had only a 65% chance, another 70%.

¶ Even when manufacturers used every precaution known, the process of making a potentially deadly virus into a safe vaccine proved unexpectedly tricky. When three separate strains of virus, all officially dead by available tests, were pooled to make the final polyvalent vaccine, the mixture sometimes showed live virus. And some virus defied every effort to kill it.

Straight-Line Theory. How could all this be? The 1,000-odd doctors who sat in on the polio symposium learned something of this from Dr. Salk himself. They

had gone there, full of admiration and curiosity, to hear him and see him get a \$10,000 award* for his achievements. They listened attentively, some with obvious puzzlement, as he read a long and tightly technical report. Its net: mass manufacture was not the same as making vaccine in his precisely controlled laboratory at the University of Pittsburgh.

Dr. Salk re-examined his straight-line theory of how the virus is inactivated to make vaccine. According to this, he can start with a virus brew so potent that there are 4,000,000 virus particles in every teaspoonful. But after 1½ days in formaldehyde there should only be 4,000 alive, after three days only four, and after nine days only a single active particle in a ton. If things did not work this way in practice, Dr. Salk argued, it must be because of "fractional inactivation." This might

he seemed resigned to abandoning it; he was checking scores of other Type I strains to find a replacement.

Then there was the question of injecting the vaccine in 1 cc. (¼-teaspoonful) doses into the arm muscle—the method now in use. Dr. Salk had tried using only one-tenth of this amount in a tricky intradermal injection—between the layers of the skin. This, he found, was not enough. (Danish authorities think they have got around this by using ½ cc. under the skin.) Some experts oppose injections of any kind into the muscle during the polio season because they fear that the needle may provoke a flare-up by a latent polio infection that otherwise would have done no harm. Dr. Salk did not feel that this objection was decisive, but would leave the verdict to local health officers.

Suspected Agent. More cautious was the University of Michigan's Dr. Thomas Francis Jr., grand evaluator of the 1954 Salk vaccine trials. He warned against



DRS. SALK, SCHEELE & HESS (AT A.M.A. CONVENTION)
What went wrong, and how and why?

result from the clumping of virus particles (leaving a broth that was not homogenized). In this way, virus particles could survive the formaldehyde bath if they were in the middle of a clump and protected by dead brethren.

Weakening Strain. This sort of thing apparently had not happened in Dr. Salk's own labs. But if it could happen anywhere, it raised a fundamental question: should any strain of virus that is likely to cause paralysis be used in the vaccine? Dr. Salk had long contended that the Mahoney strain which he picked to represent all the Type I strains, was safe because it was killed; critics had damned it in the live state as the most virulent form known, and the likeliest to cause paralysis. Now, Dr. Salk wavered: Mahoney was a good strain because it multiplied in liveliest fashion in monkey kidney material and therefore yielded a good "crop" for the vaccine-maker. But

indiscriminately beginning vaccination programs (i.e., giving the first of two shots) until the return of cold weather. Local health officers, he said, must weigh the risk of provoking polio against the number of cases they hope to prevent.

Dr. Scheele and Shannon of P.H.S. gave short shrift to the Salk straight-line inactivation theory. It simply does not work that way in practice, they said: a minute quantity of live virus may always remain in the vaccine. However, they hastened to add, the vaccine can be made so safe that the chances of its causing polio will be negligible compared with the protection it will offer against polio.

The P.H.S.'s top men were not entirely satisfied with formaldehyde as the killing agent; ironically, it may actually favor the clumping of virus particles that makes a vaccine unsafe. And they had little patience with the Mahoney strain (which has caused most of the polio in the Cutter-vaccinated cases).⁶ Denmark, they

* Offered by Mutual of Omaha (insurance), and presented by the A.M.A.'s incoming President Elmer Hess, who sternly advised Dr. Salk: "For heaven's sake, put it on the mortgage."

⁶ For news of the effects of the vaccine controversy on the fortunes of the Cutter Laboratories, see BUSINESS.

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noted, has inoculated its 400,000 school-children with a Salk-type vaccine, but with the Brunhilde strain substituted for Mahoney, and with no mishap. And since the U.S. authorities were not satisfied with present testing methods, it was clear that major changes in the Salk vaccine were imminent.

Boil It Down. Yet another change, in the method of manufacture, was recommended by Pediatrician Joseph Stokes Jr. He was worried about the random sampling in huge lots of vaccine. Philadelphia's Children's Hospital has a method, he said, of reducing seven or eight gallons of virus solution down to half a teaspoonful or less—99% pure virus. This can be inactivated and tested far more readily. So why not concentrate the stuff? He got no immediate answer, but P.H.S. and Dr. Salk are studying it.

Cincinnati's Dr. Albert Sabin, outspoken champion of a live-virus vaccine (TIME, May 23), suggested that all three paralysis-causing strains used in the Salk preparation be thrown out. In their place he would put nonvirulent strains, which may be found in nature or "bred" selectively in the laboratory. Knowing that his audience was far from ready to accept live viruses, Dr. Sabin cannily reminded them that these too could be treated with formaldehyde. This would give double protection, and a Swedish researcher is working on such a vaccine right now.

Private Hope. Before week's end, Dr. Scheele announced that the P.H.S.'s testing unit, the Laboratory of Biologics Control, was being overhauled, given new direction, status and staff (with a budget boost of \$750,000). All this in the hope that in future it could handle vaccines for polio and other diseases with a new sureness and efficiency.

But it would take time for changes in the setup to be reflected in improved safety in the vaccine and certainty on the part of the vaccinators. P.H.S. men were privately hoping that public clamor for the vaccine, by some unforeseeable magic, would peter out by August, when the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis will finish inoculating first- and second-graders. Said Dr. Scheele, in a thinly veiled reference to the foundation's widely known determination to get an effective vaccine within Founder-President Basil O'Connor's lifetime: "You cannot make viruses meet deadlines."

Largely because of this hasty effort, the 1955 polio vaccination schedule had been dangerously premature. Now, said Dr. Stokes, we have "a crippled vaccination program."

Capsules

In scores of meetings staged by the A.M.A. or satellite organizations in Atlantic City last week, doctors also:

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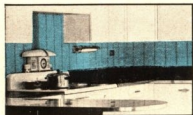
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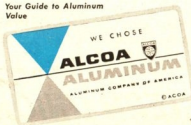
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Value



avoided taking such a policy stand, although most (excluding Roman Catholics) use the technique freely. Now they voted, 79 to 8, that it is "a completely ethical, moral and desirable form of medical therapy."

¶ Hauled down the flag of strict ethical principle by which the A.M.A. had long sought to keep doctors (with rare and regulated exceptions) from owning drug-stores or peddling pills, trusses, crutches or spectacles; adopted in its place (by vote of A.M.A.'s House of Delegates) a much more flexible rule: "It is not unethical for a physician to prescribe or supply drugs, remedies or appliances as long as there is no exploitation of the patient."

¶ Heard a report on a way to relieve man's most atrocious pain by injecting hot water into a bundle of nerves behind the forehead. Victims of *tic douloureux*,



NEUROSURGEON JAEGER
Scold the pain.

an excruciating form of neuralgia, said Philadelphia's Neurosurgeon J. Rudolph Jaeger, are often too feeble for radical surgery, and lose their faith in doctors because most medical treatments give only short-lived relief. Under light general anesthesia, a needle is pushed through the cheek to the base of the skull, the surgeon following it by X ray. When it hits the Gasserian ganglion, he injects scalding water (158°F.), which kills the sensory nerves. Dr. Jaeger has had good results in 27 of 32 *tic* victims, and some success with facial cancer patients.

¶ Heard, on the first birthday of the American Society for Artificial Internal Organs, that there are four heart-lung machines and about 90 artificial kidneys now in use in the U.S. to tide patients over crises in surgery or systemic poisoning. President William J. Kolff of Cleveland showed a disposable artificial kidney made from beer cans, window screening and sausage casing. Cost: about \$15.



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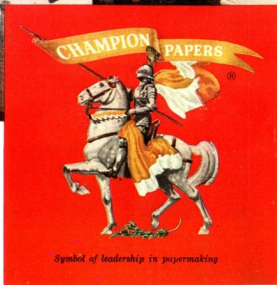


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RELIGION

Billy Graham in Paris

As Billy Graham arrived in Paris to begin a five-day evangelical crusade, a phalanx of welcomers broke through a line of gendarmes at the railway station, shouting "Beelee! Beelee! Beelee!" "Beelee? Who is this Beelee?" asked a harassed official. Said a bystander in surprise: "Why, monsieur, do you not know Beelee Graham, the American clairvoyant?"

Thanks to a wave of advance publicity and hundreds of portrait posters pasted throughout Paris and the provinces, most Frenchmen thought they knew who Billy was. The fact that few precisely understood his religious role or the meaning of his evangelistic crusade did not prevent them from according him a hysterical, slightly disoriented acclaim that surprised no one more than the handsome evangelist.

Bearded Bear Hug. Billy said he would be content to draw 3,000 listeners in fun-loving, nominally Roman Catholic Paris. At his first public meeting, some 9,000 people flocked into the huge Vélodrome d'Hiver (capacity: 20,000) to hear him. Standing beneath a giant scoreboard, Billy exhorted them, in short, hard-hitting sentences, to "repent, receive Jesus Christ through faith, and surrender and commit everything to Jesus Christ." After each sentence, he waited while U.S.-educated French Baptist Minister Jacques Blocher translated his words into French at the same speed and with the same intonation and gestures.

A defect in the public-address system caused a buzzing that made it difficult to hear parts of Billy's sermon. But when he called for "decisions for Christ," 623 Frenchmen—young and old, shabby and well-dressed—shuffled down the aisle while a mixed choir of 500 sang softly and Billy waited with folded arms.

When it was all over, Billy was mobbed by well-wishers, many of them sobbing and chanting "Jésus, mon Dieu." A black-bearded Protestant preacher got him in a bear hug and kissed him on both cheeks. (Said Billy later: "His beard tickled. Anyhow, he hadn't eaten any garlic.") Billy hardly seemed to believe his senses. "This has been the most astounding night of my ministry," he said, mopping his brow. "I saw more sincerity in the eyes of those who came forward tonight than I have ever seen before."

Leaky Roof. Most French newspapers praised Billy's sincerity but were unwilling to take him seriously. *France-Soir* termed him "Heaven's publicity man," roguishly claimed that the audience had "understood neither his sermon in English nor the translation . . . The messenger of Christ . . . has given himself five days to convert Paris. He has four left to fix his microphones." *Paris Presse* said Billy was "as well organized as a businessman, as diplomatic as a Jesuit and apparently as pacific as a field of wheat." Only the Communist daily *L'Humanité* threw a

solid brickbat: it felt sure that Billy was a tool of millionaires "employed in the crusade against socialism."

During the second meeting, a thunderstorm broke out and some of Billy's listeners raised umbrellas as rain began leaking through the roof. "I was told today that you needed rain," said Billy without batting an eye. "I am happy it is raining." Billy remained happy throughout his stay in Paris. Although he did not draw a single capacity audience, the turnout was greater than he had expected. On his last night (he later left for a brief rest in Zurich before starting a tour of other European countries), he drew a crowd of 11,000. "We have fallen in love with the French people," he told them. "We like everything about you, even your coffee." After the service, a Russian princess came backstage, knelt on the floor and begged Billy to visit the Soviet Union. Billy agreed to go if the opportunity arose.

No one was prepared to doubt that Billy could draw crowds in the U.S.S.R. In his five days in Paris, he had preached to more than 42,000 people, persuaded 2,254 to make "decisions for Christ."

A Going Concern

In 1660 an English maid servant named Mary Fisher stood before the court of the Sultan of Turkey, as anomalous as a pair of shoes in a mosque, and told its zealous Moslem members about the virtues of Christianity. Her presence there, alone and defenseless, bore witness to the compelling nature of the Quaker "concern," a strong inward urge to take some action to meet a certain situation. Mary Fisher

satisfied her concern, was respectfully heard and allowed to depart in peace.

Ever since their founding in the 17th century by George Fox, Quakers throughout the world have been acting individually and together on their concerns, particularly in the cause of peace. This week six U.S. Quakers, led by Clarence E. Pickett, onetime secretary of the American Friends Service Committee, are on a good-will visit to Russia. The first group of U.S. Quakers to visit Russia in 25 years, they will stay through June, hope to establish themselves in a small town to observe Russian life and explain the U.S. to the Russians.

Greatest Evil. As the Quaker delegation fulfilled its concern for peace by its presence in Russia, the American Friends Service Committee issued a pamphlet, prepared by a committee of 13 Quakers (three of whom are on the trip), that clearly delineates the joint concern of the American Quaker community. The booklet, *Speak Truth to Power*, is the fourth of a Quaker series on methods to ease tension, but its stand on pacifism is more radical than any of its predecessors.

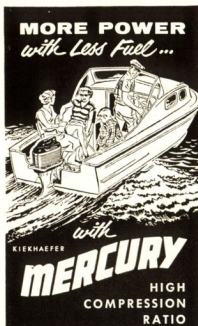
The world's greatest evil, says the booklet, is not Communism but violence. "The basic reason for our failure lies in the nature of our present commitment to violence . . . It is now impossible for a great nation to commit itself both to military preparedness and to carrying forward a constructive and positive program of peacemaking . . ."

Personal Commitment. "Without overlooking the evils of Communism, we must still reject the devil theory in history . . . We think the basic assumption of many of our fellow Americans as to the location of evil is wrong . . . Man's curse lies in his worship of the work of his hands, in



QUAKER FISHER BEFORE THE SULTAN'S COURT
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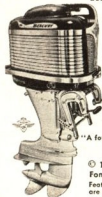
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his glorification of material things . . . It is not an idolatry of which the Communists alone are guilty. We believe the real choice lies between continuing to deal with international problems on the old basis of military power and attempting to deal with them on the new and revolutionary basis of nonviolence . . . Thus, we would rather give up our military strength . . . than keep our guns and lose our democracy."

Speak Truth to Power urges disarmament, suggests "nonviolent resistance" to attack because it would "offer more prospects of a creative and genuinely victorious outcome than is the case with violent resistance under modern conditions." How can individuals aid pacifism? By making personal commitment to nonviolence in their own lives, says the booklet. U.S. Quakers figure that if enough people develop a concern for nonviolence, the concept is bound to influence community and international attitudes.

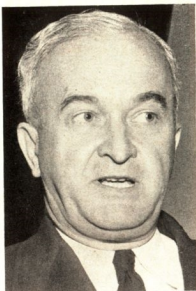
Segregation & the Churches

In the crowded sanctuary of Grace Covenant Presbyterian Church on staid, tree-lined Monument Avenue in Richmond, Va. last week, a pro-segregation clergyman rose and heralded the defeat of his faction in singular language. Said the Rev. Alton J. Shirey: "You flattered us like a steam roller yesterday. Let's not cut the puppy's tail off an inch at a time."

Shirey, pastor of a Cullendale, Ark. church, was asking the 95th General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the U.S. (Southern) for a quick vote on the most disputed issue facing its six-day convention: a request that the assembly "reconsider and rescind" its 1954 pronouncement that "segregation is un-Christian." Pastor Shirey and six others had signed a minority report charging that the assembly erred in asking its 3,776 local churches to accept Negroes.

The temper of the assembly had already become evident, and it was not in tune with the temper of Pastor Shirey. On opening night it elected as its new moderator Dr. James McDowell Richards, president of racially integrated Columbia Theological Seminary in Decatur, Ga., and an outspoken anti-segregationist. In a series of parliamentary moves it had blocked consideration of the minority report, had defeated anti-segregationists' efforts to delay a vote. Two hours after Shirey's plea, it reaffirmed, by a vote of 293 to 109, its year-old stand against racial segregation (last year's vote: 236 to 169).

The factional dispute among Southern Presbyterians pointed up a problem that faces every Christian church in the South, now that the Supreme Court's ruling on education has turned the spotlight on segregation in every sphere of life. "The churches . . . are not responsible for the ordering of society through government," said the *Christian Century*, "but when government makes a move that sustains and supports Christian principle . . . the church will be judged for its support for



MODERATOR RICHARDS
Cut off the puppy's tail.

or opposition to this action." Throughout the South, racial integration was being both supported and opposed by the churches. Items:

¶ The Methodist Church is under strong and specific injunction from the Methodist General Conference to oppose racial discrimination, allow Negroes to participate in church activities as equals. But a fortnight ago the Alabama Methodist Conference adopted a resolution demanding that the General Conference pass no legislation that would interfere with Methodists' rights to maintain segregated churches, schools and assemblies.

¶ Roman Catholics are under episcopal instructions to welcome Negroes to white churches in accordance with papal pronouncements on discrimination and racism. In some areas, white and Negro Catholics attend the same church and send their children to integrated public schools. But practice varies in different dioceses, and most Catholic Negroes still go to segregated schools (including parochial) and attend Negro churches.

¶ The Protestant Episcopal Church has a relatively liberal attitude toward integration. The North Georgia Convention recently declared that "segregation on the basis of race alone is inconsistent with the principles of the Christian religion." In Atlanta, while services are segregated, white and Negro children are confirmed together, and whites and Negroes are granted equal votes in diocesan conferences.

¶ The all-white Southern Baptist Convention, biggest Baptist group in the world (membership: 7,883,708), has taken an equivocal stand on segregation, last year commended the Supreme Court for "deferring" application of its ruling on desegregation. Two Negro Baptist conventions have 7,133,357 members, operate separately from their white co-religionists.

EDUCATION

Incident in the Jungle

When the short, cocky Puerto Rican teen-ager first wandered into the gym of Manhattan's Joan of Arc Junior High School on West 93rd Street, no one bothered to ask him why he had come. The evening boxing class—an effort to keep potential delinquents off the streets—was in full swing. Physical Education Teacher James O'Farrell, 28, simply assumed that the boy was just another pupil. Then the time came for the class to roll up the mats and leave. Instead of helping with the work, the boy stood on the sidelines and jeered.

When Instructor O'Farrell asked him to lend a hand, the boy flatly refused. Finally, O'Farrell told him to clear out, but the boy retorted: "You put me out." "I'll escort you out," said O'Farrell, and took the teen-ager by the arm. At that point, the boy pulled a switch-blade knife out of his pocket, shook himself free, and plunged the blade twice into O'Farrell's back. As five other stunned school employees and more than a hundred pupils stared in silence, he fled into the street.

It took the police only a few hours to find him. Jose Vargas, 15, nicknamed "Chico Mambo" because "I cut a cute rug," had a long history of delinquency (he was once arrested for holding up a younger boy at knife point), proudly announced that he had not been in school since April. He was also apparently proud of the stabbing. When photographers snapped his picture, it was of just one more arrogant, smirking young hoodlum who knows no law but that of the blackboard jungle. Said seriously injured Teacher O'Farrell, when asked why he had not defended himself against Vargas: "We have orders not to strike them."



N.Y. Daily News from Gilloian
HOODLUM VARGAS.
"I cut a cute rug."

How Johnny Reads

Of all the statements recently made in criticism of the public schools, none has stirred up quite such an argument as the sentence in Rudolf Flesch's bestselling *Why Johnny Can't Read*: "The teaching of reading—all over the United States, in all the schools, and in all the textbooks—is totally wrong and flies in the face of all logic and common sense." How accurate is Flesch's gloomy picture? Last week, in the Chicago *Sun-Times*, a one-time assistant professor at Western Reserve who is now a reporter spoke up for the educators. Flesch's book, says Ruth Dunbar, "is a caricature, not a portrait . . . Johnny does learn to read in today's schools."

It is true, says Reporter Dunbar, that most schools have in the first grade abandoned the old phonic (i.e., letter by letter and syllable by syllable) method of teaching a child to read in favor of the word method (i.e., teaching the child to recognize whole words by their appearance). But they have done so because, at the beginning, letters alone "are meaningless to the child." Thus "they teach Johnny to recognize at sight and as wholes a small number of simple words that he already uses in speech. He learns to know these like the faces of old friends, without analyzing the parts."

The Straw Man. "But after Johnny knows 30 to 100 words by sight, he begins to analyze the letters and sounds that make up words . . . By the end of the first grade, he usually has learned most of the consonants. In second grade he works on vowels. By third grade, he should be able to figure out by sight a large number of new words. In fourth grade, phonics instruction continues with use of the dictionary."

Though Flesch cites statistics to prove that children taught by phonics read better than those taught by the word method, Reporter Dunbar has her own sets of figures to prove the contrary. But statistics aside, her major charge against Flesch is that he has grossly overstated his case. If she does not succeed in demolishing Flesch entirely, she does succeed in placing the battle in perspective. "Flesch's hue and cry about no phonics in the schools," says she, "is directed at a straw man."

The Baby & the Bath. "Had Flesch written his book 30 years ago, he would have been on sounder ground. He might even have saved American schools from a bad blunder. Phonics, the prevailing system of the past, was kicked out the door of the little red schoolhouse in the mid-'20s. New research—especially on eye movements and on the psychology of learning—convinced educators that there was a better way of teaching reading. It was learned that the mature reader does not spell his way through words, letter by letter, but reads by phrases. Besides, educators found that an exclusive diet of phonics bored children and produced slow,



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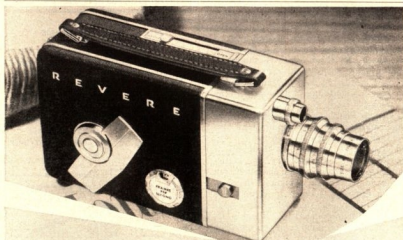
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laborious readers. So they went overboard for the word-memory system, which they called 'see-and-say.'

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Kudos

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Stanley Qua, chief of the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court . . . LL.D.
Yasaka Takagi, professor of American Constitution, history and diplomacy at the Imperial University of Japan LL.D.
Edward W. Eames, headmaster of Governor Dummer Academy . . . LL.D.
W. Montague Cobb, professor of anatomy at the Howard University College of Medicine Sc.D.
Walter R. Agard, professor of classics at the University of Wisconsin . . LL.D.

Citation: "What Pericles said of his compatriots might well be applied to you—I use your translation—'You love beauty without extravagance and wisdom without weakness of will.'"

Earl Warren, Chief Justice of the U.S. LL.D.

Citation: "It was under your leadership that the vexed and thorny issue of educational segregation was decided in such unanimity as to demonstrate to the whole world that in this land there is, and will forever be, one law for all."

Brown University

Alonzo G. Morón, president of Hampton Institute LL.D.
Margaret Clapp, president of Wellesley College Litt.D.

University of Chicago

Henry S. Bennett, historian . . LL.D.
Paul Johannes Tillich LL.D.

Citation: "One of the great systematic theologians in recent history whose profound insight into the relations between religion and philosophy, psychology and the arts has made religion relevant to the spirit of modern man."

Amos Niven Wilder LL.D.

Citation: "Rigorous researcher, persuasive educator, penetrating theologian; in poetic prose and luminous verse he shares with colleagues and disciples his understandings of high traditions and of vital current experience."

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Bankers in Action

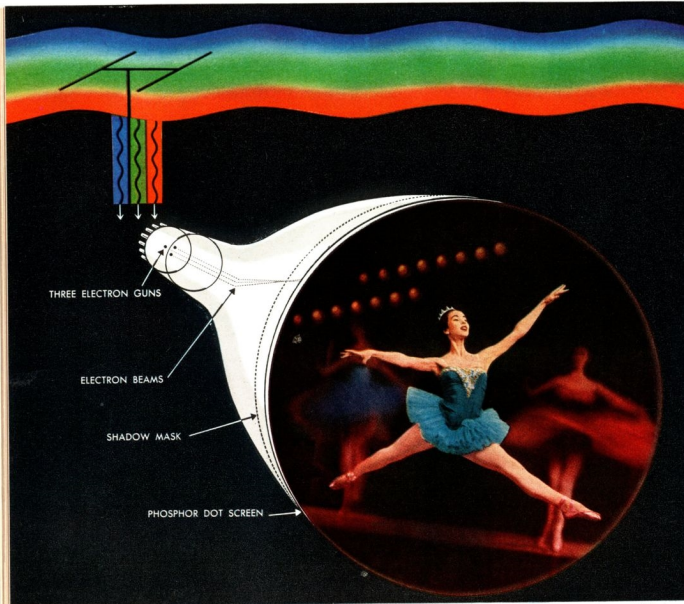
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George Wells Beadle Sc.D.

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University of Michigan

Jonas Salk Sc.D.

Citation: "Scholar, medical research expert, and physician to the children of the world."

Edgar Guest LL.D.

Citation: "Poet, humanitarian and public benefactor . . . Interpreter of the ordinary and extraordinary for the common reader."

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Katharine Cornell L.H.D.

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SPORT

Death at Le Mans

There were two things that every good race driver in the world knew about the 24-hour Grand Prix of Endurance at Le Mans, France. First, it was still the supreme test of driving skill and sports-car durability. And second, it was growing increasingly risky because of the conglomeration of big cars, e.g., Mercedes, Ferrari, Jaguar, and little cars, e.g., Gordini, MG, Porsche, racing side by side on a strip that in some places is little wider than an old-fashioned two-lane U.S. highway. During the trials, the Mercedes team's Pierre Levegh, a 49-year-old veteran of 20 years' driving, coasted into the pits after one close brush with a little 2-liter French Gordini and told a friend: "We have to get some sort of signal system working. Our cars go too fast."

But there were other things to think about when race day dawned fine, dry and made for speed. On the dot of 4 p.m. the 60 sports-car entrants—among them, Mercedes, Jaguar, Ferrari, Frazer-Nash, Maserati, Cunningham—began the 24-hour run. Right after getaway they whipped past the grandstand into the sharp Tertre Rouge turn, roared on down the straightaway on a four-mile dash toward the Mulsanne hairpin, and on around the 8.38 mile circuit past the White House.

Last Gesture. A crowd of 250,000 had come from all over Europe to watch *les vingt-quatre heures*, and thousands of them spurned the grandstands to cluster as close as they could to the dangerous turns. The cars to watch, said the wise ones, were the three Mercedes entries, for the Germans had put three months of methodical, painstaking planning into this all-out effort to prove their 300-SLR cars the best in the test.

But the competition was stiffer than expected: at the end of the first two

hours the crowds were screaming excitedly as Britain's Mike Hawthorn, in a Jaguar, was well in the lead, followed by two Ferraris and then the three Mercedes. Hawthorn had done 28 laps in less than 120 minutes, and was just about due to pull in for refueling.

He was nearing the pits and roaring toward the grandstand turn when he got a stop signal from the pit crew. Neither Hawthorn nor anyone else will ever know whether the signal was late, or whether his reflexes were slow, or whether the reflexes of the following drivers were slower. He braked his Jag and swung to the right toward the pit. Behind him, Britain's Lance Macklin in an Austin-Healey, running four laps slower than the leader, was caught short. He braked hard and swung left. Behind the Austin-Healey was Pierre Levegh's No. 20 Mercedes, tearing along at 150 m.p.h. Levegh raised his arm in a slowdown wave for his teammate, Argentine Juan Fangio, 100 yards astern. The man who had wondered about the need for signals was beyond their salvation: this one was his last gesture.

Levegh's Mercedes clipped into the rear of the Austin-Healey, sending the little car spinning like a top. The Mercedes rose as if jet-propelled, crashed into a 6-ft. dirt retaining wall.

Black Horror. The car was shattered by the impact: its flat motor hood ripped loose and scythed through spectators like a guillotine knife. The heavy engine followed, spewing parts. The first row of the crowd was cleanly decapitated. Twenty yards away, the chassis cut another swath. Gasoline took fire; then the Mercedes' magnesium-alloy body went up in a searing white flame. Levegh's headless corpse was burned to a crisp. A 400-sq. yd. stretch of gay and cheering people became a black, hysterical horror.

Skittering and screeching along the pit's

wall, the Austin-Healey ran down a fow of mechanics. But Driver Macklin escaped with his life. Nearly 50 yards back of the pits a young girl jumped and screamed as a flying foot hit her. Bits of bodies and pieces of machinery rained everywhere. The roadside turned into a seething mass, the maimed trying to escape. The unhurt pressing forward to see more. It was five minutes before fire crews could get to Levegh's smoldering wreck, a good half hour before private cars, trucks and every ambulance in town started to work carting off casualties. Toll at week's end: 78 dead, 105 seriously injured.

Meanwhile, the Grand Prix ground on. Around 1 a.m., on orders from Stuttgart, Mercedes pulled out of the race. After a while, rain pelted down. The race and the crowd's vigil continued. But when Mike Hawthorn's Jaguar ripped past the finish line to win the 1955 Le Mans next afternoon, few people even bothered to cheer. It was small consolation to learn that Hawthorn had clocked a record 2,564.23 miles at an average 106.84 m.p.h.

At the Garden Gate

The sudden and simultaneous resignation of six directors from the board of a big corporation is a pretty good sign that somewhere the gears are clashing. Not so with Manhattan's Madison Square Garden Corp.—or so said resigning Board Chairman Bernard Gimbel last week when he and his old friend and fellow director, James Douglas Norris, fist-fight promoter extraordinary, parted financial company.

A longtime fight fan, and an amateur boxer himself in his younger days, Department Store Magnate Gimbel, 70, had served on the Garden board for 25 years, been its chairman for ten. But Barney Gimbel said firmly that his resignation had nothing to do with State Athletic Commissioner Julius Helfand's investigation into the affairs of Jim Norris' International Boxing Club, which has a strangle hold on big-time professional boxing. Yes, Gim-



WINNER HAWTHORN



MERCEDES' CRASH

H. N. Vachon; Associated Press

78 died.



Guy Gillette—Brackman Associates
PROMOTER NORRIS
An excess of Carbo?

bel was aware that SPORTS ILLUSTRATED had exposed the connections between Multimillionaire Norris and underworld characters such as Frankie Carbo. Yes, he had heard Norris testify to his friendship with Carbo. Still Barney Gimbel insisted, "I do not know the man [Carbo] nor do I know who he knows or what he does. What I do know is that I had contemplated this move for two or three years because of increasing outside activities."

Rebellious Captive. Other retiring directors had even less to say. For the record, Stanton Griffiths, onetime U.S. Ambassador to Spain, was in Paris. Investment Banker Jansen Noyes and Motor Millionaire Walter P. Chrysler Jr. were "out of town." Financier William M. Greve, a man who temporarily gave up his U.S. citizenship in the 1930s, then returned home hurriedly from Liechtenstein just two jumps ahead of Hitler, was keeping his own counsel. One of the departing directors, demanding anonymity, told reporters: "We figured we'd get out while the getting was good." Only Wall Street Investor (Goldman, Sachs) Sidney J. Weinberg, 63, a dollar-a-year man in Washington during World War II, spoke out. Norris and his friends, he said, had arbitrarily cut down the size of the Garden's executive committee from eight to three, making it clear that he wants a free hand in operations. "When one or two people control a company," said Weinberg, "you become a captive director."

Man-Size Job. Personable Jim Norris, whose inherited wealth is estimated conservatively at \$50 million, has influence far beyond Manhattan. His assets run from Canadian wheat and West Indies sugar holdings to horses, hockey teams, Great Lakes steamships, sports arenas and questionable friends. He and Ice-Show Promoter Arthur Wirtz control the Chicago Black Hawks hockey team and the Chicago Stadium. His brother and two sisters

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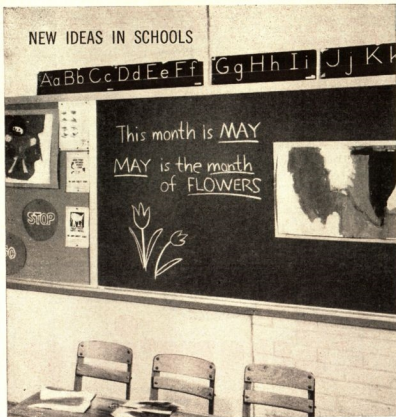
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have a firm hold on Detroit's Olympia arena and the Detroit Red Wings hockey team. Madison Square Garden owns the New York Rangers hockey team. (The Rangers, Black Hawks and Red Wings make up half of the National Hockey League.) Norris' I.B.C. has exclusive rights to promote prize fights in the Garden, Yankee Stadium, the Polo Grounds, the Detroit Olympia and the Chicago Stadium. Just running the Garden is likely to be a man-size job from now on. To assist him, President Norris will have as new chairman of the board the Garden's former president, Brigadier General (ret.) John Reed Kilpatrick, Phi Beta Kappa and two-time All-America end (Yale, 1909-10). Norris and Kilpatrick, along with Iceman Wirtz, own 66% of the Garden stock.

This ownership is not without its problems. The I.B.C., which can scarcely be distinguished from the Garden management by the naked eye, is faced with an antitrust suit challenging its monopoly of boxing matchmaking. And Commissioner Helfand's investigation, stirred up by the shabby boycott against Welterweight Vince Martinez (TIME, June 6), is hardly likely to cool off just because Norris' boys last week finally found Martinez a fight.

Scoreboard

¶ In a pier-six brawl in Syracuse, N.Y., Carmen Basilio, 28, sharp-featured son of a Canastota, N.Y., onion farmer, spent twelve rounds trading punches with Welterweight Champion Tony De Marco before he battered the stubborn Bostonian senseless and stumbled off with the title.

¶ Moving easily through the mist at Belmont Park, Belair Stud's big bay champion Nashua won as he pleased (by nine lengths, odds 3-20) in the 87th running of the mile-and-a-half Belmont Stakes. Meanwhile, 3,000 miles away at Hollywood Park, Swaps, the long-striding chestnut colt that beat Nashua in the Kentucky Derby, took on Determine, the 1954 Derby winner, and came home a length in front in the \$109,800 Californian. Swaps' time: a world record 1:40½ for the mile-and-a-sixteenth course.

¶ For two miles of home water on New York's Cayuga Lake, Cornell's crew was able to match the Quakers from the University of Pennsylvania almost stroke for stroke; then Penn raised the beat to a man-killing 33 a minute. The Big Red faltered, and Penn's varsity eight slid home by more than a length, for its eighth victory in a row.

¶ On the Isle of Man (between England and Ireland), the Tourist Trophy motorcycle races wound up without a single fatality. But this time, while the riders managed to survive, the devilish mountain course proved more than a match for the British bikes that have dominated the races since World War II. The Junior T.T. (for machines up to 350 cc.) went to an Italian Moto Guzzi; the Senior T.T. (for 500-cc. bikes) was won easily by British Motorcycle Champion Geoff Duke, mounted on a four-cylinder Italian Gilera. Duke's best time over a 37½ mile lap: 99.97 m.p.h.

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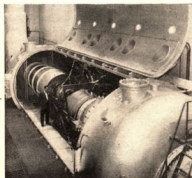
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duction, these vital programs are more urgent than ever in the face of growing threats from behind the Iron Curtain.

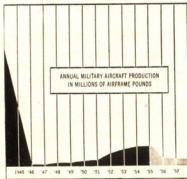
America is now beginning to benefit from just such long-range programs in military aviation. If carried forward without wasteful stop-and-go interruptions, these well-planned programs can produce and maintain the strongest possible modern Air Power at the lowest possible cost to taxpayers . . . With such strength, lasting peace may one day be achieved.



CONTINUING RESEARCH by scientists and engineers is vital if America is to have superior Air Power in future years. Every advance in airplane performance—in speed, altitude, range or other capability—depends on data only research can provide. Problems of propulsion at extreme altitude, for instance, are probed in huge facilities like this new engine test chamber at Pratt & Whitney Aircraft's Andrew Wilgus Turbine Laboratory.



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SCIENCE

Rs from the Sky

How dangerous is radioactive fall-out? At last week's Atlantic City meeting of the American Medical Association, Commander Robert A. Conrad of the Naval Medical Research Institute reported on the Marshall Islanders who were exposed to moderate fall-out from the great test explosion in the Pacific on March 1, 1954. Talking to physicians, he did not prettify.

The most intensive study was made of 64 Marshallese whose island got the heaviest fall-out. Hours after the detonation, a snowlike material fell from the sky. It whitened their hair and clung to their skins. At first it had no ill effect, but during the night and the next day or two, about three-fourths of the people felt nausea. Their skins itched or burned, and tears ran from their eyes.

After two days the Navy took them all to Kwajalein Island and made vigorous efforts to decontaminate them. By this time their first symptoms were gone. Calculations showed that they had received about 175 roentgens of radiation, which is less than half of a deadly dose (400 R). But they were watched carefully.

A fortnight later, new symptoms began to show. The patients' dark skins grew darker in patches and rose up in leathery plaques. Sometimes the skin peeled away, leaving white or pink tissue. Deeper burns wept and formed crusts. When burns were on the scalp (70% of all individuals), the hair came out by the handful.

Tended by squads of Navy doctors, the burns healed eventually, leaving only scars or patches of discoloration. More long-lasting were the effects on the islanders' blood. The lymphocytes (one type of white blood cell) were reduced by more than 50%, and most of the effects lasted for six months at least. The children were hardest hit, but devoted care kept all of them alive.

The Navy concluded that most of the external damage came from the dust on the islanders' skins and in their hair. More clothing, better shelter and prompt decontamination would have reduced it. None of the Marshallese died. Fatal internal damage was prevented by removing them from their contaminated island—just in time. Probably 50 more roentgens would have killed at least some of them.

A distasteful job of Atomic Energy Commission officials is to tell Americans what to do if a similar bomb should contaminate a part of the U.S. Instructions prepared by AEC Commissioner Willard F. Libby contain little cheer.

A ten-megaton bomb (equivalent in energy to 10 million tons of TNT), says Libby, creates 1,100 lbs. of radioactive fission products. Airborne for one day and then spread evenly over an area of 100,000 square miles, it would give each unsheltered person a dose of 67 roentgens per day. This is not far from the strength of the "snow" that fell on the Marshall

Islanders. They survived because they were evacuated promptly and cared for well, but as Libby remarks in an understatement, evacuation of 100,000 square miles (more than twice the size of New York State) "may be a bit impractical."

Dr. Libby recommends that everybody stay indoors, preferably in a basement, where radioactivity will probably be low. Then, when the level of radiation falls to about 6.7 R per day (after seven days), people may venture out cautiously. With radiation detectors (none are available in quantity) they must feel for pockets of extra-strong activity.

Finding the coast reasonably clear, people should get to work at the heavy labor of decontamination. Fire hoses will do a lot of good (if there is water), and shielded street-sweeping machines (not yet devised) will brush the contaminated asphalt. Heavy rain (if rain falls) will carry some of the deadly dust down the rivers to the sea. At last the interdict will be raised, and people can go about their ordinary business, avoiding dangerous areas and conscious that even in the safer places they are still receiving a considerable input of Rs.

To judge by the Navy's experience, many of the worst effects will not appear for weeks. The number of deaths, near-deaths and disfigurements will depend on how well the people have avoided radiation and have decontaminated themselves, and on how promptly they have received good medical care.

✶ In practice, some places would get much more radioactivity, perhaps an amount quickly fatal in spite of precautions. Others would get less.



MARSHALLESE FALL-OUT VICTIM
 Hair came out by the handful.



Bettmann Archive

HANNIBAL CROSSING THE ALPS
The tanks had big ears.

Diggers

One of the most interesting sites in the history of early man is the Makapan Valley in South Africa (TIME, Jan. 17). As the Makapan River cut its valley during a million years, it formed a series of limestone caves that were inhabited successively by all manner of men and beasts. In some of the lowest layers, C. K. Brain of the Transvaal Museum found smallish stones that had been chipped into crude tools. Geological studies hinted that this primitive "pebble culture" might date from as much as 750,000 years ago.

Most likely candidate as proprietor of the pebble culture was *Australopithecus prometheus*, a smallish, erect-walking creature whose brain was just big enough to equip him intellectually as a maker of tools. *Prometheus* was plentiful in the Makapan region, but his remains had never been found with pebble tools.

Last week New York's Wenner-Gren Foundation for Anthropological Research, one of the backers of the search, heard from Dr. Raymond A. Dart of Witwatersrand University. Deep in the same stony layer where Digger Brain had found the tools, Alun R. Hughes and Revell Mason found two teeth of *prometheus*. Dr. Dart considered the find good evidence that *prometheus* was actually coexistent with, and in all probability responsible for, that very primitive stone pebble culture.

Anthropologists define man as "the toolmaking animal." Therefore the Makapan find gives pebble-chipping *prometheus* a claim to being the most primitive creature that can be called definitely human.

Hannibal's Pass. Much archaeological work is done not by digging, but by patiently assembling data in a quiet study. Twenty-five years ago, Sir Gavin de Beer, now director of London's British Museum of Natural History, set himself the task

of finding out how the army of Hannibal the Carthaginian crossed the Alps to invade Italy in 218 B.C.

Sir Gavin gathered all the accounts, and soon came to doubt the usual theory that Hannibal and his 37 elephants-of-war tramped up the Rhone tributary that is now called the Isère. Old historians stated clearly that at that time (October), the river was in flood. The Isère does not flood in October, but another tributary, the Durance, does. Another clue in favor of the Durance is that Hannibal was reported to have passed three Gallic tribes. Old records show that their territories became modern dioceses on the Durance.

Next problem for Sir Gavin was to decide which pass was crossed by Hannibal. Old accounts say that from its summit, the invading Carthaginians could see the plains of Piedmont. This ruled out all except three passes. To pick the one that Hannibal took, Sir Gavin used ancient evidence that the army found new snow in the pass and also old snow from the preceding year. Climatological data, based on pollen grains found in ocean-bottom mud, prove that the climate of Europe in Hannibal's time was slightly warmer than it is today. This being the case, only the pass of Traversette, 10,000 feet high, could have plagued Hannibal's elephants with old snow. Sir Gavin investigated the Col de la Traversette and found that it contained, in just the right spot, a large, flat rock like the one where Hannibal camped near the top of his climb.

While tracing Hannibal through the Alps, Sir Gavin got interested in those elephants: Were they the African, he asked, or the Indian species? A coin-collecting friend gave the answer by showing him Carthaginian coins with big-eared elephants on them. Sir Gavin's conclusion: Hannibal's "tanks" came from Mauritania (Morocco), where elephants were plentiful in his day.

Big Saxon. The Teutonic barbarians who crumpled the remains of the decaying Roman Empire were often reported to have been big men. Last week a group of British amateur diggers found the bones of a fifth-century Saxon who was big indeed, if not monstrous.

For four years, enthusiastic members of the Manshead Archaeological Society had been digging in Puddle Hill, 33 miles from London. They had not found much, but were still hopeful. In 1928, the skeletons of about 100 youths were found not far away. They had all been killed with their hands tied behind their backs. Experts decided that they were Britons of the fifth century, and that they had been liquidated by invading Saxons.

Last week the diggers found a shallow grave containing the skeleton of a young man close to seven feet tall. His shield, spear and knife identified him as a Saxon of the early fifth century. All his limbs were broken, according to the pagan burial custom (perhaps to cripple the ghost), and the back of his skull had been bashed in. The diggers hoped that one of the Britons of Puddle Hill had liquidated at least one of the monstrous Saxons.



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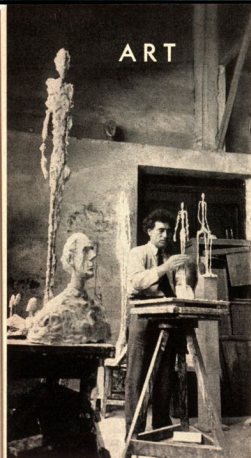
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SCULPTOR GIACOMETTI & FIGURES

Ordeal by Sculpture

Along Paris' grim Rue Hippolyte Maindron stands a squat concrete building half hidden by a rickety gate. A casual passer-by might think it a garage, but one peek through the window would probably give him a jolting surprise. The small, 12-by-15-ft. room is the private world of one of the world's most original sculptors: wiry, bushy-haired Alberto Giacometti, 53. In 28 years, a good deal of Giacometti has rubbed off onto the floors and walls of his bare, grey studio. The workbench is encrusted with old paint drippings and scabs of plaster. Cigarette butts cover the cement floor. The walls are acrawl with hasty sketches and doodles. Over all lies a thick layer of grey plaster dust.

Heads Underfoot. Sculptor Giacometti fits comfortably into this cramped clutter. Lying among the spare furnishings—a black potbellied stove, rumpled cot and banged-up chair—are strange sculptured objects: 6-ft.-tall female caryatid forms whose bark-rough plaster surfaces make them more like bewitched trees than goddesses, archaic-looking heads as tiny as a thumbnail, a sinking alley cat with body no thicker around than the thumb. None of them is finished, Giacometti truculently insists. But in the eyes of art critics, these curious forms are the best sculpture being done in France today.

Last week Giacometti's steadily growing reputation got a great push forward

with simultaneous full-dress retrospective shows of his works in two of the world's leading art capitals. Two whole floors of New York City's Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum were given over to a full-sweep display of Giacometti's work from 1925 to the present. In London 37 Giacometti sculptures plus some of his most recent works, oils and sketches, assembled by the British Arts Council, won high praise even from London's *Times*, which expressed "unstinted gratitude . . . for a major artist," and praised Giacometti's "new vision of the figure in its surroundings."

No Man's Land. "I have always worked with the same purpose: to find out how to see reality," Giacometti says. The search has led him through an ordeal of experimentation and frustration—few artists care to undergo. The son of a leading Swiss painter, he started to draw as a boy, at 21 went to live in Paris. He quickly became one of surrealism's leading sculptors. His constructions rank among the wittiest that movement produced. But at the height of his fashion, in 1935, Giacometti made a decision that carried him for the next twelve years through an artistic no man's land: he had come to mistrust his sense of motion and space.

"It was nothing like I imagined," says Giacometti. "I found the human head absolutely strange and without dimensions . . . One could spend an entire life on the end of a nose. The difference between one side of the nose and the other became like a Sahara. limitless."

Giacometti plunged into an era of strange experimentation. Friends stopping by his studio found him working 48 hours at a stretch, chain-smoking and muttering as he danced and lunged with a penknife before a hardened clay block. Some of his works took on weird, elongated shapes; others were heads little larger than peanuts. Giacometti insists that he did not try to do it that way; it simply happened. "I've never tried to make my figures come out this way," he explained last week, pointing to a tall figure reminiscent of a grotesquely tallowed candle. "There's

nothing voluntary about it. They've always surprised me."

Crazy, Absurd Activity. For years, Giacometti destroyed his work as fast as he produced it, but by war's end he began saving and showing the gangling figures and groups, which seem to some eyes to float in a mysterious time and space of their own. An intense, modest man in frayed cuffs and baggy pants, Giacometti has not let success dull his adventurous dissatisfaction.

His most recent men and women are gaining in weight. "They eat too much," he jokes. He is experimenting also in drawing and painting. Where it will lead, Alberto Giacometti does not know. "Art is not a science," says he. "It is a crazy thing, an absurd activity . . . If I had been able to resolve the problem, I would have ceased to work."

Battlefronts

An intermittent war of nerves between painters and public has been going on for centuries. Rembrandt's compassionate paintings of events in the Bible were called rotten, and they sold not at all. Children, incited by their elders, mocked Van Gogh in the streets of Arles. True, many of the world's best painters, from Raphael to Renoir, were ardently embraced by the public even before they died. There have been periods of peace; yet the war continues. This spring it is kicking up a lot of dust. Among the latest skirmishes:

The Publicity Front. Huntington Hartford, A. & P. stores heir and art patron, took full-page ads in six Manhattan newspapers to complain that art worldlings are pulling the wool over the public's eyes. No friend to modern art, Hartford glibly lists "the diseases that infect the world of painting today" as "obscurity, confusion, immorality, violence." He concludes with a call to arms: "Ladies and gentlemen, form your own opinions concerning art . . . and when the high priests of criticism and the museum directors and the teachers of mumbo jumbo throughout the country suddenly begin to

WHITE BIRD FLYING

WASHINGTON'S Pan American Union quietly put on view last week an exhibition calculated to raise the roof. The work of a passionate, plump and indefatigable Ecuadorian Indian named Oswaldo Guayasamin (pronounced guy-yah-sah-mean, and meaning, in Inca, "white bird flying"), it was as powerful as any painting to come out of South America in modern times. Guayasamin, 35, once studied with Mexico's late master of mordantly bitter painting, José Clemente Orozco. He has a similar social consciousness, amounting to aching rage at man's inhumanities, and a similar range of techniques, from abstraction to hammer-blunt realism.

Guayasamin's subject matter, Ecuador, is all his own. He sees it as a tragic land, where Indians, mestizos and Negroes struggle side by side, half-blind to their own and each other's needs. Guayasamin's vision sometimes soars high above the country, as in his turbulent bird's-eye view of Quito (see color page). More often it swoops down for an agonizingly close look at a funeral, a prison, a prostitute. His occasional canvases of embracing lovers or mothers with their children show a growing tenderness and ability to convey the smooth with the rough. If Guayasamin's incisive drawing, muddy but emotive color and exuberant sense of design are some day united in the service of a more positive view of man and the world around him, he will be remembered far beyond Ecuador.



QUITO, Ecuador's mountain capital, huddles between tumultuous earth and sky in this painting by Oswaldo Guayasamin. Birdlike shadow across city symbolizes "sadness weighing on Ecuadorian man."



SELF-PORTRAIT by Guayasamin presents three selves: a primitive Indian half-hidden in the background, a dreaming self which seems to grieve, and the artist as seen in his mirror.



MOTHER & CHILD, part of a series on the Indians of Ecuador's mountains, conveys an intense feeling of sun and shade through deep blacks and tawny lights.



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for the battle against illness is constantly being developed by medical and pharmaceutical research. Your doctor is thoroughly familiar with the latest medicines, as well as with older established remedies, and will know what should be prescribed for your individual case. That is why, when it comes to medical advice, there's one friend it's safe to listen to—*your doctor!*

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At first, Hartford's targets shrugged him off as a crank with money. Newspaper editorials and letters-to-the-editors, plus arty-party chitchat, have shown in the past month that Hartford does make sense to thousands of people. But his view that art should follow only a middle road—a three-lane, 40-miles-an-hour parkway between photographic realism and emotional expressionism—is too pat to be persuasive. It would sacrifice the adventurousness that often lies at the heart of art for the sake of mild, easy-to-take conformity. Hartford's old-fashioned black powder, however, did contain enough grains of justification and documentation to rattle those ivory towers from which weird obscurities are foisted on the public. And his call for greater public participation in art matters was worth a hearty cheer.

The Educational Front. A \$250,000 foundation set up by Montreal Barrister Charles Glass Greenshields will teach young painters the fundamental techniques and principles of their craft. Greenshields, who paints seashore scenes in his spare time, deplores the fact that few young artists today get enough basic training. He blames "the iconoclasm and unbridled license of a rapidly growing and articulate group of artists and their supporters who manifest a positive obsession to distort and, where possible, to dispense with all natural forms."

Greenshields' huffing and puffing will never blow down the mansion of modern art, for it is no house of cards. But when artists say, as did Montreal Painter Goodridge Roberts, that Greenshields has chosen "a discouraging way to spend so much money," they could not be more wrong. Galleries today are crammed with the work of supposedly well-trained artists

who can draw a straight line but never a recognizable outline, who can make a splashy picture but would have trouble putting a smooth coat of paint on a barn door. Greenshields' foundation will be a small contribution to a great need, for though the important artists of the coming generation cannot be expected to return to Renaissance ideals of art, they should be expected to understand them and to master their basic means.

The Exhibition Front. As part of Boston's annual Arts Festival, painters made a mass invasion of the city's old Public Garden last week and put up a 343-work tent show. Before the opening, the Boston *Globe* editorialized: "Why not make a game of it? See how few of the paintings can make fools of us by making us think they say something when all they say is 'Eenie-meenie-meinie-mo.'" Whether as a game or not, the show drew a swarm of viewers. Total attendance may top 700,000.

Actually, only 10% of the paintings were altogether abstract; most entries followed Hartford's middle road. In view of the show's sponsors, the public interest displayed was just as important as the art itself. The main thing, said Festival Chairman Nelson Aldrich happily, "is to prove to the public that art is not out of their ken, that it is part of their lives. Whatever they get out of it is good, and it is good for the artist, too. I think we are winning."

Winning what? Certainly not the war between painters and public, a fight which public interest can only intensify, and which will continue to produce heavy casualties on both sides. Those children and elders who scoffed at Van Gogh helped drive him to madness and death. On the other side, thousands of plain citizens have let sneering generalities and/or snobbish expertise about modern art blind them to its virtues and its fun. But Aldrich's optimism rightly overleaped the battlefronts of controversy. Painting, after all, does not consist of generalities and cannot be judged or formed by them. It implies just two specific ingredients: 1) a picture created by one man in the sincerity of his heart for other men to enjoy, and 2) someone looking at it. When contemporary art excites the intense interest apparent in Boston last week, both painters and public gain.

Besides creating interest where little existed before, the shifting battle lines of art controversy tend to erase the cults of lazy preciosity on one hand and of willful ignorance on the other. This is particularly true in the U.S., where art and snobbery do not necessarily go arm in glove, and where, in increasing millions, people are exposed to art in one way or another every week. As more Americans come to enjoy more pictures, hope grows—not hope for a period of peace between artists and public, but for the possibility of an unprecedented fruitfulness in U.S. art. The second half of the 20th century could conceivably become the most exasperating, most enlivening, most enlightening period in American art history.



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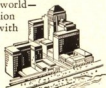


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Jan. 5-6-7
Masters Tennis
Tournament



Jan. 5-6-7
Caine Mutiny
Court Martial



Jan. 17
Detroit Symphony



Jan. 22
Track Meet
(10th Annual Indoor)



Mar. 19
Hollywood Ice Revue



Mar. 29
Stuttgart Chamber
Orchestra



Apr. 9
Musical Americana



Apr. 19-20
José Greco



Oct. 14
Old Vic Company



Oct. 21-23
Ballet Russe



Oct. 30
Children's Choir



Nov. 8
N.Y. City Opera
Company



Nov. 8
Metropolitan Opera
Telecast



Nov. 9
Egyptology Lecture

Events Sponsored in 1954

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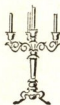
Feb. 13
Fred Waring
Valentine Party



Feb. 16
Cleveland Symphony



Feb. 26
Les Compagnons de
la Chanson



May 10
Liberace



June 11
Music Festival
(10th annual)



Aug. 19
Football Classic
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Oct. 1-2
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community service

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Nov. 11
Philadelphia
Orchestra



Nov. 29-30
Ballets Espagnols



Dec. 2
Amsterdam
Symphony



Dec. 5
Victor Borge



Dec. 7
Agnes Moorehead



Dec. 9-10-11
Caine Mutiny
Court Martial

THE PRESS

Headline of the Week

In the *Deseret News* and *Salt Lake Telegram*:

DROWNINGS FOR UTAH
SHOW SATISFYING DIP

Room with a View

As publisher of the monthly *Farm Journal*, biggest farm magazine in the U.S. (circ. 2,879,380), Graham Patterson had an office ideally located to keep an eye on his closest competitor. Right across Philadelphia's downtown Washington Square, he looked into the offices of the Curtis Publishing Co., owner of the *Satevepost*, *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Holiday*, *Jack and Jill* and the monthly *Country Gentleman*, second biggest farm magazine in the U.S. (circ. 2,566,314). Publisher Patterson enjoyed the view but not the competition. Last week he found a way to keep one and eliminate the other. In the biggest magazine sale in years, for an estimated \$6 million, *Farm Journal* bought Curtis' *Country Gentleman*, and will combine the two giants of farm publishing into one monthly magazine, called *Farm Journal-Country Gentleman*.

Publisher Patterson had seized a rare opportunity to buy a big magazine on its way down. In the hotly competitive race for the farm market, Curtis' venerable (102-year-old) *Country Gentleman* has been stumbling. "The magazine," says one competitor, "has become a sort of a Mother Hubbard, covering everything and touching nothing." Since its peak war years, *Country Gentleman* has been gradually losing advertising. Curtis started to try to bail out the sick monthly last year by changing its name to *Better Farming*, but the transformation had barely started

when along came the offer from *Farm Journal*.

Heartbreak on the Staff. *Country Gentleman's* 75-odd staffers, who will not go along with their magazine to *Farm Journal*, were taken completely by surprise. "It breaks my heart," said *Satevepost* Editor Ben Hibbs, who for 13 years (1929-42) was an editor of *Country Gentleman*. But for Curtis the sale was no heartbreak.

As one of the biggest U.S. magazine publishers (gross income 1954: \$173 million), Curtis has been increasingly concerned with the fortunes of its other magazines. The company is not in serious trouble, but in the first quarter of 1955 its earnings were down to an uncomfortable \$385,918 (v. \$1,308,735 for the same period last year). By dropping *Country Gentleman*, Curtis can now concentrate on the *Satevepost*, *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Holiday*, *Jack and Jill* and the new quarterly it is bringing out this summer, *Bride-To-Be*. Said Curtis President Robert E. MacNeal last week: "Aside from the fact that *Farm Journal* made us a very attractive offer, we see definite advantages in concentrating our efforts on the other magazines of the Curtis line."

Up on the Farm. The purchase was the latest in a long series of successful changes made by the *Farm Journal's* Graham Patterson, 73, a good-humored, pink-cheeked publisher who ran the *Christian Herald* before he took over *Farm Journal* in 1935. Patterson watches his health as closely as he watches his magazine, keeps fit with frequent bowls of oatmeal, always sprinkled with a laxative which he carries with him wherever he goes. Once in Manhattan's Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, a friend approached tiny (5 ft. 3½ in.) Publisher Patterson and prankishly asked whether the grits on his oatmeal were a growth stimulant. "No," answered Patterson, "I've been taking this stuff for 25 years and haven't grown an inch."

But Patterson's diet for the *Farm Journal* has made it grow every year since he took over. He threw out the magazine's ponderous, technical farm features, replaced them with over-the-fence news for farmers. To separate his rural but non-farm readers from farmers, in 1943 he bought the newsweekly *Pathfinder*, later changed its name to *Town Journal* (circ. 1,592,615), and reset its editorial sights to lure small-town nonfarm readers. To increase *Farm Journal* circulation, Publisher Patterson and President Richard J. Babcock, 43, started three regional editions, printing specialized news and information for farmers in all sections of the U.S. Ad revenue climbed from \$300,000 in 1935 to nearly \$10 million last year; circulation more than doubled in the same time. Now, with *Country Gentleman* in his barn, Publisher Patterson hopes to apprise the Curtis magazine's circulation to *Town* and *Farm Journal* and boost the circulation and ads of both magazines even more.



Tommy Weber
PICKETING THE DEAD "EAGLE"
Secrets on the mind.

Incredulous

In its strike against the Brooklyn *Eagle*, the New York Newspaper Guild refuses to say die. Even though the paper was put out of business by the strike and its equipment sold at public auction (TIME, May 23), union pickets still parade outside the *Eagle* building, as they have every day since the strike closed down the paper nearly five months ago. Said a Guild announcement last week: "The Newspaper Guild believes . . . that the Brooklyn *Eagle* is not dead [because the] publisher may still have secret plans to go back into business." Next day *Eagle* Publisher Frank D. Schroth made an announcement of his own: he has taken a job on the New York *Daily News* helping the paper boost its Brooklyn circulation.

On with the Waltz

As a lifelong apologist for Soviet Russia, Nebraska-born Journalist Anna Louise Strong, 69, has not always found the party line easy to follow. On one stay in Russia, where she lived for years, she tried to join the Russian Communist Party, was turned down as a "sentimental bourgeois." The Russians, however, were tolerant enough to let her start the first English-language Soviet newspaper, the *Moscow News*. Then, in 1949, without explanation or warning, she was arrested in Moscow and charged with being "incriminated in espionage and subversive activities in the Soviet Union." Bewildered but still submissive to the will of the Kremlin, she was deported to the U.S.

"The accusations," she said, "were a terrible shock, and smashed my career." But her devotion never abated. Scarcely a month later she tried to put up \$1,000 for the defense of eleven first-string Communist leaders on trial in Manhattan, only



Farm Journal
JOURNALMEN PATTERSON & BABCOCK
Grits on the oatmeal.

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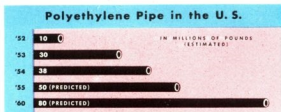


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ANNA LOUISE STRONG
Red crow for lunch.

to have the party blast her "shabby promotion scheme." But last week she announced that the Communists were forgiving her at last. In Washington she called a press conference, sponsored by the party-line Progressive Party, blithely reported that she had been entertained at an "excellent" lunch by Soviet Ambassador to the U.S. George N. Zarubin, who personally assured her that she was welcome back in Russia any time she would get a U.S. passport.

Why had the Russians changed their minds about her again? As in Tito's case, her fall from grace had all been a mistake, the Russians had explained, perpetrated by Soviet Police Chief Lavrenty Beria. Now that Beria was executed, the Russians were correcting their error. When a reporter asked if she feared being arrested again, she replied confidently: "From the amount of scandal it caused through the rest of the world, I don't think they will do that again." Was she angry about the arrest? Oh no, she answered. "Injustices occur everywhere."

If the State Department grants her a passport, said Journalist Strong, she expects to visit Red China as well as Russia. In China she hopes to renew her acquaintance with Communist Premier Chou En-lai, whom she encountered in Yenan nine years ago at a dance. Recalled Anna Louise: "He's a very able and controlled type of person, and perfection in a waltz."

The Unprofitable Jest

After a federal jury in Manhattan awarded Journalist Quentin Reynolds \$175,001 in a libel suit against Hearst Columnist Westbrook Pegler, Hearst lawyers took their case to the U.S. Court of Appeals. Their argument: what Pegler had written about Reynolds (*TIME*, May 24, 1954, *et seq.*) was "innocuous and susceptible of innocent and harmless interpretations."

There was nothing wrong, said the Hearst lawyers, with Pegler's writing that "Reynolds went nuding along the public road [with] a wench." After all, "perfectly honorable people are nudists, and . . . nudism [is] not a crime." Pegler's charge that Reynolds proposed marriage to Heywood Broun's widow in the car on the way to Broun's grave was not libelous either, said the lawyers, since even the Mosaic Code imposes "upon a brother the duty of proposing to his dead brother's widow." As for Pegler's charge that Reynolds had "a yellow streak glaring for the world to see," that kind of writing is just "gloating in jesting terms" and does no one any harm.

The three-judge Appeals Court did not find itself guilawing at the jest. Last week Federal Judge Harold R. Medina ruled for the court: "This is a curious and unprofitable sort of jesting, as others may not view the humor in the same light . . . These explanations are wholly without merit or substance." The court unanimously upheld the \$175,001 judgment against Pegler and his Hearst employers, who must pay the bill under terms of Pegler's contract. It is one of the biggest libel awards ever given by a U.S. court.

The Camera's Day in Court

Should newspaper photographers be allowed to take pictures in courtrooms? Eighteen years ago the American Bar Association answered with a firm no, adopted Canon 35, banning cameras from courts. Fourteen states followed suit by officially making Canon 35 a part of their law; it was approved by the bar associations of close to a dozen other states. Frequent court decisions have upheld a judge's right to bar photographers from his court. Last month the U.S. Supreme Court refused even to hear an appeal from the Cleveland Press, whose photographers had been held in contempt for taking courtroom pictures (*TIME*, May 30). But last week, at a Colorado Springs meeting of the National Press Photographers Association, U.S. Attorney General Herbert Brownell Jr. struck a powerful blow against the ban.

Photographers, said Brownell, should be given "their day in court." Although trial judges have a right to bar photographers, Brownell urged that the decision be left up to individual judges rather than bar associations or state laws. One big reason to ease the ban, said Brownell, is that modern photographic methods eliminate much of the noise and disturbance that once upset court routine. To help solve the problem, Brownell announced he was recommending to the American Bar Association that it re-examine Canon 35, with a view toward admitting more photographers to court proceedings. Said the Attorney General: "Courts are constantly faced with [reconciling] freedom of the press with the . . . impartial administration of justice, [and] neither is more important than the other. [Modern] press photography can . . . protect the interests of justice for all concerned."

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How can a truck engine make piston rings last up to 53% longer? Give you gas savings up to 1 gallon in ?? Cut down engine friction by as much as 33%?

The answer is: *short-stroke design!* Here's how it works: the shorter the stroke in any engine, the less distance the pistons have to travel.

Less piston travel means less *friction* (caused by the pistons rubbing against the cylinder walls) . . . less friction to rob engine

power and waste gas . . . less friction to wear out your engine.

Differences between outdated long-stroke engines and Ford's modern Short Stroke design seem small. But they're not. For instance, one of Ford's Short Stroke engines has a stroke $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches shorter than a typical long-stroke engine.

But look what it can mean to you! On the basis of an average year's driving of about 11,000 miles, this means 8 miles less piston travel per working day—or a total of 2,090 miles less piston travel per year—per piston!

Think what a savings in engine wear this means! *And think what you can save in upkeep!*



Look under the hood for gas-saving Short Stroke power—one of the three ways you save with a '55 Ford Truck. Save work with DRIVERIZED CAB convenience. Save trips with High-Payload construction. That's Triple Economy in Ford Trucks.

LOOK UNDER THE HOOD

The piston travels this far in a typical long-stroke engine

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ENGINE**



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SHORT STROKE
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It doesn't cost you one penny extra to get modern Short Stroke power in any Ford truck you buy! Actually, it will cost you less to buy a truck with short-stroke power because you'll get more for it when you trade it in. *Here's why:* If the truck you buy now has a long-

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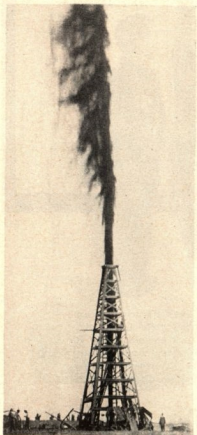
STATE OF BUSINESS

New Heights

From the production line to the balance sheet, the U.S. economy last week showed its glowing good health with a pair of new records. Items:

¶ Employment in May climbed by 1,000,000 workers for the second consecutive month, bringing total U.S. civilian employed to an alltime record for the month of 62.7 million, some 1,500,000 more than last year, and a full 700,000 more than the previous record in May 1953. Unemployment decreased by 500,000 workers during the month for one of the biggest May declines ever recorded, is now 2,500,000, which is 800,000 below the 1954 level.

¶ Stocks on the New York Stock Exchange burst through to new peaks as the Bull Market continued its upward surge. The Dow-Jones industrial average (30 stocks) pushed up 9 points last week to close out trading at 437.72, a 32-point gain since Jan. 3. On the New York Times composite average of 50 leading industrial and railroad stocks, the week's final reading broke through to 300.57, the highest closing since Sept. 23, 1929.



Business Men's Studio
THE LUCAS GUSHER
"Hell, ain't you surprised?"

OIL

Hero of Spindletop

At 10:30 on the morning of Jan. 10, 1901, on a low hillock called Spindletop just outside Beaumont, Texas, gas rumbled out of its prehistoric tomb, shot up a black plume of petroleum and launched the oil age. The heavy oil spouted 200 feet into the air in the greatest gusher Americans had ever seen. Men saddled their horses and rode off, shouting: "Oil, oil on the hill." As one of the men passed 38-year-old Pattillo Higgins, he reined in, yelled: "People are saying you're the wisest man on earth. Hell, ain't you surprised?" "Not exactly," replied Higgins.

The Turning Point. Few had listened to Pattillo Higgins' theory that Spindletop's escaping gas and foul water indicated oil. The experts had scoffed in a body. At the time, America's 58 million annual barrels of oil came from the east, mainly Pennsylvania. John Archbold, one of the lords of John D. Rockefeller's Standard Oil monopoly, had snorted that he would drink every gallon of oil produced west of the Mississippi. Calvin Payne, Standard's production genius, conversant with fields from Baku to Borneo, had come to Spindletop and warned: "You will never find oil here." The U.S. Geological Survey agreed with Standard's Calvin Payne.

"Ignorant men in high places," snorted Higgins, as he kept on looking. In 1892, promising "millions," he persuaded three fellow Beaumonters to back him, but all he returned was three dry Spindletop holes. He became the town bore, Beaumont residents sneeringly called him "the millionaire." Desperate for a believer, Higgins advertised in a New York trade journal the glowing promise of oil, gas and sulphur in Spindletop, and flushed one reply. It was enough. Dalmatian-born Anthony Lucas, one time Austrian naval lieutenant who came to the U.S. to visit and stayed on to work as a mining engineer, agreed to drill for oil on Spindletop.

That was a turning point in the history of the U.S. economy. The first Spindletop gusher transformed the U.S. oil business from a tight little enterprise hobbled by the Standard Oil monopoly and near-exhausted wells (each pumping an average 10 to 50 barrels daily) into an enterprising giant. That first well alone turned out as much oil as 37,000 eastern wells combined, and by year's end production of Spindletop's 138 wells more than equaled that of the rest of the world. Before Spindletop, Russia was the world's No. 1 producer; afterward, the U.S. took the lead it has never since lost.

Spindletop took petroleum out of lamps and lubricants, put it into gas tanks and made it a source of cheap power. It cracked the coal's monopoly grip on fuel and Standard's grip on oil. Before Spindletop, Standard directly controlled 83%



PATTILLO HIGGINS
"Not exactly."

of America's annual 58 million barrels; a year later it was just another competitor. Spindletop gave birth to the entire Texas oil industry and to two of its giants: Texaco and Gulf Oil.

"The Whole Honor." Ironically, much of this bypassed Pattillo Higgins. Even before the first Spindletop gusher blew in, he had been elbowed aside by Anthony Lucas. It was called the "Lucas well," not the Higgins well. Higgins had to sue to get his share from the Lucas well, finally settled for about \$300,000. When he tried to form a new company in 1902, suspicious Beaumonters, wary of the sharpshooters that had flocked in, were calling the whole operation "Swindletop." In the boisterous, bawdy oil boom, Beaumont refused to honor the man who had started it all, just as it had refused to believe him. Bitter, Higgins packed up and moved away.

For 50 years after the Lucas gusher blew in, Pattillo Higgins worked to develop Texas oil lands, made a comfortable living at it, although he never became the big oil baron that he might have been. Through the years, he never lost his urge to prospect for oil. When he was nearly 90, he was still setting out in his old model A with pick and shovel, to probe among the rocks.

Last week at 92, Pattillo Higgins died and ended his restless search for oil. He left among his papers a document dated Dec. 3, 1901, signed by 32 citizens of Beaumont, Tex., and attested by the county clerk. It was a sort of apology, and it said in part: "Mr. Higgins deserves the whole honor of discovering and developing the Beaumont oil field. He located the exact spot where all the big gushers are now found."

TIME CLOCK

AVIATION

First U.S. Turboprop

The U.S. aircraft industry last week took a big stride into jet-age commercial flying. In Los Angeles, Lockheed Aircraft Corp. announced that it is building the first U.S. commercial turboprop (jet plus propeller) airliner, will have it in the air by 1958. Lockheed President Robert E. Gross announced his first order: \$65 million from American Airlines for 35 of the fast, new planes, all of them to be delivered by 1959.

Called the "Electra" after Lockheed's first 200-m.p.h. transport (1934), the new plane will be a big improvement over Britain's seven-year-old Vickers Viscount, which now dominates the commercial turboprop field. Slim and high-tailed, the Electra will have four engines, will cruise at 410-440 m.p.h. for flights up to 2,000 miles, 25% faster and 1,000 miles farther than current ViscounTs. It will carry 64 passengers (compared to Viscount's 48) in a cabin with big picture windows, a lounge, and wider seats, each with a combination desk-tray.

Specifications for the new turboprop had been laid down by American Airlines. American wanted the plane for medium-range routes to replace its 75-plane fleet of relatively slow (270 m.p.h.), twin-engine Convairs, had been shopping ever since Capital Airlines decided to import Vickers' 320-m.p.h. ViscounTs last year. Convair, Douglas, Vickers and Lockheed all put in bids, and, when Lockheed won, it was the first time that Lockheed had ever beaten Douglas for an important American Airlines contract.

As for Loser Douglas, it wasted no time taking off on a brand-new plane for long-range runs. Douglas announced that it would build a true-jet 80-to-125-passenger DC-8 transport to fly nonstop across the U.S. in less than five hours, planned to shell out between \$40 million and \$60 million to get the DC-8 in the air by 1958. Though Douglas has no firm orders for its DC-8, the company is betting that it will be the first U.S. planemaker to put a true-jet transport in airline service. Boeing Airplane Co., which gambled \$20 million on its four-jet 707 transport last year, now has so many military orders for a bigger aerial tanker (the KC-135) version that the Air Force has asked the company to concentrate on defense production, forget about a commercial jet liner for the time being.

UTILITIES

Short Circuit

Last week's skirmish in the battle over the Dixon-Yates power plant at West Memphis, Ark. was fought on Capitol Hill. In closed session, the Democrat-dominated House Appropriations Committee cut out of the 1956 federal budget a \$6,500,000 item for a Dixon-Yates

LIGHTWEIGHT TRAIN will be built by General Motors this summer. Called Train Y, it will carry 400 passengers at better than 100 m.p.h. in low-slung, luxuriously appointed cars, each with a pantry and rest room at one end, a vestibule with steps for both high and low platforms at the other. Cost, excluding engine: \$400,000.

URANIUM mining and milling have increased about 400% since 1950, with a projected 1,100% increase slated for 1956, says the AEC in its first announcement of production statistics. Ore reserves have already jumped 1,100% since 1950 and are still soaring.

TARIFF CUT FOR SWISS imports will soon go into effect, in an effort to mollify the watchmaking nation for last year's tariff boost of up to 50% on watches. In all, some nine items (from lace to taxi meters) have been dropped an average 44%; however, the cuts will by no means wipe out the full impact of increased tariffs.

WHEAT SUPPORTS will drop to their lowest level since the war, whether or not farmers approve strict marketing quotas for 1956. If farmers approve the quotas, Agriculture Secretary Ezra Taft Benson will peg prices at an average 76% of parity, v. 82¼% this year. If farmers kick over the quotas, the support price will automatically drop to 50%. Benson's reasoning on the 76% figure: with forecasts for the smallest wheat crop (84 million bu.) in twelve years, 1956 will be a good year to cut down the mountain of surplus farm products that the U.S. must now buy under its support program.

COAL MERGER between Chicago's Peabody Coal Co. and the Sinclair group of coal companies will form the nation's second biggest commercial producer, right behind the giant Pittsburgh Consolidation Coal Co. Peabody will get the Sinclair group for \$34 million, exchange its stock for stock of the eight companies making up the combine. Joint sales:

some 22 million tons of bituminous coal annually v. 25 million tons for Pittsburgh Consolidation.

HOME HEATING-PLANT prices will go up this fall because of the rising price of steel. Though sales are booming (up 20% in some cases this winter) for most of the 300 companies in the highly competitive field, most manufacturers report that they can no longer absorb increasing costs of raw materials, will have to boost prices, possibly as much as 5%.

URANIUM FEVER has hit the huge Pacific Northwest Pipeline Corp., soon to build a \$168 million pipeline from New Mexico's San Juan gas field to West Coast markets (TIME, Dec. 27). Workmen laying pipe through uranium-rich eastern Utah-western Colorado plateau area will be equipped with Geiger counters so that Pacific Northwest will not risk bypassing any promising ore vein.

RUSSIAN RUBBER-BUYING is being sharply stepped up after a two-year lapse. Red agents in Europe's rubber markets have bought some 15,000 tons of natural rubber for delivery in the next eight weeks, 30 times more than they bought in all of 1954. Rubber experts speculate that Russia's expanding armament industry is now using more rubber than either its synthetic plants (annual capacity: about 250,000 tons) or its faithful satellites can produce.

POTATO PANIC on the New York Mercantile Exchange a fortnight ago (TIME, June 13) was the result of an attempt to manipulate prices, says the U.S. Agriculture Department. Agriculture charges that Winn & Lovett Grocery Co., a big southern retail chain (200 stores in five states), tried to force prices down by circulating "false, misleading or knowingly inaccurate reports," and that the company sold 1,003 car lots of May potato futures "with knowledge of the fact that they did not have and would be unable to obtain potatoes to deliver."

transmission line. The line would pick up Dixon-Yates power at the middle of the Mississippi River and feed it into the TVA system at Memphis, for retransmission to the Atomic Energy Commission. Instead, the House Committee voted that the money should be spent to start a \$90 million TVA steam-generating plant at Fulton, Tenn., which would fill AEC's extra need for power.

Opponents of Dixon-Yates were gleeful. Said Missouri's Democratic Representative Clarence Cannon, Appropriations chairman: "This kills the Dixon-Yates deal because it doesn't give them an outlet for their power."

But Dixon-Yates is far from dead; the committee's action was no more than a

political short circuit. Though the House may go along with the committee, the TVA budget still has to get through the Senate. There, conservative Democrats may well team up with Republicans to restore the Dixon-Yates line and kill off TVA's proposed plant at Fulton.

Even if Congress turns down the transmission line this year, construction of the Dixon-Yates project will go ahead. There is no need for the line until 1957, when the plant goes into production. By then, Congress might change its mind; if it does not, Dixon-Yates could build the line itself. Said Edgar H. Dixon, whose Middle South Utilities holds 70% of the Dixon-Yates stock: "We have not the remotest thought of turning back."

THE WATER PROBLEM

How to Get It Where It Isn't

THE most plentiful natural resource in the U.S. is water. Some 1.5 quadrillion gallons annually fall on the nation, enough to fill a lake as big as the state of California and 50 ft. deep. But in many sections of the U.S. a serious water shortage exists or is developing. The real problem is one of distribution—how to get the water where it isn't. Shortages crop up because a growing population and a rising standard of living (e.g., 35 million bathrooms now v. about 13 million in 1930) are multiplying the demand faster than the U.S. is learning how to use its supply. For every one of its 165 million people, the U.S. uses an average of about 1,500 gallons of water every day (v. 600 gallons in 1900). All told, the nation consumes 23 billion gallons daily, more than enough to float the combined merchant fleets of the entire world; by 1975 consumption will soar to 402 billion gallons a day. One of the nation's top water experts, Army Engineers Chief Samuel Sturgis Jr., warns that the U.S. had better head off a shortage without further delay.

The shortage has already taken hold in Texas, where population jumped 130% between 1890 and 1950, and water consumption an astonishing 13,500%. What this means is that today's Texan uses 135 times as much water as his grandfather, and some parts of the state are draining their reserves. Houston, for example, is pumping from wells so fast that the land is actually sinking, from six inches in the business district to more than three feet in suburban Pasadena. Though enough rain falls on Texas every year to cover the entire state to a depth of 30 inches, man uses only a small part of this flood. Such worthless plant life as mesquite and catclaw absorbs 35% of the rainfall, and another 40% is lost to evaporation. Of the total precipitation, Texans are left with little—about 3% for pasture grass, timber, crops, etc., another 3% that seeps to underground reservoirs.

In all the U.S., the biggest single consumer of water is irrigation, which has spread from a few thousand western acres in 1850 to some 30 million acres, sprawled over east eastern and southern states as Delaware, Rhode Island, Mississippi. To grow a bushel of corn by irrigation requires about 10,000 gallons of water; to grow a ton of alfalfa hay, about 200,000 gallons. At present irrigation soaks up about 100 billion gallons of water daily, almost half the water withdrawn by the entire nation.

Nobody is more concerned about water than U.S. industry, which already

uses about 80 billion gallons daily, will siphon off 200 billion gallons daily (exclusive of water power) by 1975. Whatever the product, the choice of any plant site often depends on how much fresh water is available. After World War II, for example, General Motors wanted to take over a Lima (Ohio) plant that it had operated for the Government, but backed out because it could not get a guarantee of future water supplies. Ford Motor Co. built a huge new plant at Walton Hills, outside Cleveland, but only after the city agreed to extend its water mains. If Denver cannot find more water, its industrial growth must grind to a halt by 1963.

As scarcities loom, many a company learns to conserve water. By using, cooling and re-using water until it completely evaporates, Kaiser Steel Corp.'s Fontana, Calif. plant consumes only 1,100 gallons of water per ton of steel v. the industry average of 65,000 gallons per ton. Bethlehem Steel Corp.'s Sparrows Point (Md.) plant found a cheap water supply in the treated effluence of Baltimore's municipal sewage. Though the initial equipment cost is higher, some companies are shifting to salt water for cooling.

Every water expert knows that there is no quick and simple way to avert the threat of shortages. One proposed remedy is the regional water commission of nonpolitical experts to tackle the problem for an entire valley or watershed; such commissions are in operation in Boston, Los Angeles, suburban Washington. To plug two big leaks, the Government is pressing farmers to replace open irrigation ditches with more efficient concrete pipe, industry to conserve water by re-using supplies.

The U.S. House of Representatives has passed a \$6,000,000 appropriation to develop a low-cost method of converting sea water, thus provide thirsty cities, Los Angeles, Houston, New York and others, with unlimited supplies; it is considering a bill to authorize long-term, interest-free loans (up to \$5,000,000) to local groups that want to build small dams. But Congress has left the Army Engineers with an \$8.5 billion backlog of flood-control and water-storage projects. Only last week the House Appropriations Committee slashed \$48 million from President Eisenhower's \$512 million budget for water projects next year. The price of water conservation may seem high, but the cost of water shortage is even higher.

RAILROADS

A Clever Deal

Into the U.S. Senate's buff-and-marble caucus room one day last week marched the New York Central Railroad's pink-and-silver Robert R. Young. Railroadier Young was there to answer the questions of a Senate Banking subcommittee investigating the recent rash of proxy battles. The Senate subcommittee, headed by Wall Street Alumnus Herbert H. Lehman, wanted Bob Young to explain just how he had managed to win control of the \$2 billion New York Central last year, and especially how he made his big deal whereby Texas Oilmen Clint Murchison and Sid Richardson cast a whopping 800,000 votes in his favor.

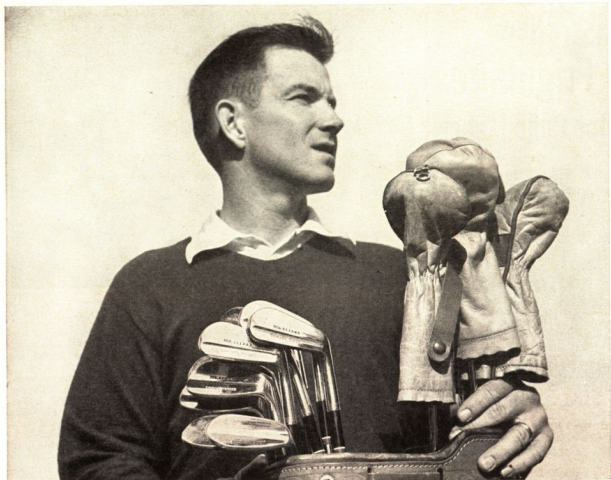
Whose Money? Almost from the first question, the sparks started flying. Democrat Lehman began by asking how Murchison and Richardson had bought the 800,000 shares of Central stock, then selling at around 25. Gloated Young: "It was one of the cleverest deals I have ever made in my financial history." Replied Lehman: "I am not looking for clever deals, Mr. Young." How, Lehman wanted to know, was the purchase financed? How much of their own money did they put up?

The Texans borrowed the money, said Young. His Alleghany Corp. had lent \$7,500,000; Alleghany's President Allan P. Kirby had anted up another \$5,000,000, while a banking syndicate headed by Cleveland's Central National Bank had put up the rest. "Well," said Lehman, "as I understand it, Messrs. Richardson and Murchison did not actually put up any of their own cash."

With that, Bob Young lost his temper. Red-faced and angry, his silver hair ruffled, he roared: "How does the U.S. Treasury finance its transactions? It's all done on credit, but their credit is good—and it isn't any better than the credit of Murchison and Richardson." Under the deal, said Young, the two Texans agreed to pay Alleghany 4½% interest on their borrowed funds.

Everybody Wins. With Central stock now selling at around \$43 a share, the deal turned into a bonanza for all. "We have made \$10 million without one dollar of risk, and I am proud of it," said Young. Countered Lehman: "Certainly there is a very grave question in my mind whether a stock can be legitimately voted by people who have not any real ownership of that stock save as there might be an equity if the market advances. . . . That deal, which you described as clever, seems too clever by my old-fashioned standards."

At one point, Bob Young could take it no longer. Bounding to his feet, turning to newsmen and spectators in the caucus room, he cried: "I would offer any of you gentlemen here the same deal—anyone in this room. Anyone that will come in with good credit and guarantee me against loss, I will be glad to advance them the money if they will give me half the profits and 4½% interest. Anyone that would like to please hold up your hand. Come in." Not a hand was raised.



Golfer Gene Littler wins with stainless steel irons

Gene Littler, using irons with stainless steel club heads, is blazing his way to victories on the 1955 pro golf trail. After winning the Los Angeles and Phoenix Open tournaments, he ran away from the field by a 13-stroke margin in the "Tournament of Champions" at Las Vegas.

Professionals like Gene—and week-end golfers, too—find that *stainless steel club heads* have the "feel" that inspires top performance. Next time you're out for a round, ask your "pro" to show you a matched set.

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TIME, JUNE 20, 1955

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Elmer Moss

CUTTER'S LABORATORY AT BERKELEY
The competition helped.

CORPORATIONS

Trouble at the Plant

At the end of 1954, Dr. Robert Cutter, president of Cutter Laboratories of Berkeley, Calif., wrote in his annual report to stockholders: "We are up to our ears in the Salk poliomyelitis vaccine production. Around the middle of the year you are either going to look on this decision as being very dumb or very smart, depending on how the poliomyelitis vaccine turns out."

Last week, as a result of the Salk vaccine, the company was up to its ears in the most unfavorable corporation publicity in recent years. More and more medical men were asking for a re-examination of Salk vaccine production techniques (see MEDICINE), but it was Cutter that had borne the brunt of public indignation over the early snafus, and it was Cutter's vaccine that was banned by the U.S. Public Health Service. There was some reason for this: Cutter injections were accompanied by a far higher proportion of polio cases than those of any other company.

From \$15.50 to \$8.75. Following the ban, the company recalled the unused 256,000 cc. of its Salk vaccine, announced that it would take a loss estimated at \$1,250,000. Under the deluge of bad publicity, Cutter stock slumped from \$15.50 to \$8.75 a share.

Despite this, all seemed calm last week at Cutter's 20-acre Berkeley laboratory and at its \$1,000,000 Chattanooga hospital solutions plant. The three executive Cutter brothers—Dr. Bob, 57, the president; Executive Vice President Ted, 53 (sales, production); Vice President Fred, 51 (research, controls)—were doing business as usual. Sales were running slightly ahead of last year's \$14,850,000. The company had not discharged any of its 1,097 employees, and had, in fact, even

added a new biological controls building to the 37 others at the Berkeley plant. Said Fred Cutter: "We are completely confident about the future."

Cutter Laboratories, born in the backroom of the late Edward Cutter's Fresno, Calif. pharmacy in 1897, is the second oldest pharmaceutical house in the country under continuous ownership and management (the oldest: Parke, Davis & Co.), and has a solid professional reputation. It pioneered commercial production of serum albumin (for shock and kidney infections), gamma globulin (the first anti-polio serum), triple vaccine (against diphtheria, whooping cough and tetanus), the Semple Rabies Vaccine (an improvement on the old Pasteur formula), and is the exclusive U.S. marketer of fibrinogen (which helps to clot blood) and bubonic plague vaccine.

But for the Grace of God. In the furor Cutter competitors, taking the view that but for the grace of God it might have been they, rallied to the embattled firm. Winthrop-Stearns's President Theodore Klumpp wired: THROUGH YOUR UNEXCELLED PRESTIGE AND REPUTATION I AM CERTAIN IT WILL WORK OUT ALL RIGHT. Charles Pfizer & Co. offered to fly in some of its own public relations and research staff to help out. One Los Angeles drug chain notified all its doctor customers that it planned to buy only Cutter products when possible, in return received not one complaint. Another drug company president ended his letter: "Bob, I want you to know your friends are with you."

The firm's chief answer to the unfavorable publicity has been a letter to doctors and druggists from the president, which concludes: "Many of you have asked, 'How can I help?' The greatest help would be if you could urge your hospital administrator not to lose his confidence in us. He is in a tough spot. Most of his patients are people who have



CUTTER'S CUTTER
The headlines hurt.

known Cutter only through the lambasting we have taken."

Last week, at the American Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association convention at White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., Cutter's competitors publicly showed how they felt. They elected as their new president Dr. Robert Cutter. Said outgoing President Robert A. Hardt of Hoffmann-La Roche: Cutter officials "are men of integrity, ability and experience . . . They have our confidence."

LABOR

Hitching the Teamsters

When Dave Beck and his A.F.L. Teamsters Union set out last February to renew contracts with truckers in eleven Western states, they were after many new benefits. Specifically, they demanded a three-year contract providing a pay increase of 10¢ an hour this year, 8¢ more in 1956, 8¢ more in 1957, plus a pension plan that truckers would finance at 10¢ an hour. Unexpressed was the union's plan to negotiate a master agreement to cover all trucking in the West. After three months of fruitless negotiations, the teamsters struck three big truckers (Pacific Intermountain Express, Consolidated Freightways, Pacific Motor Trucking).

As usual, the union hoped to play one company off against another, but Beck's plan backfired. The California Trucking Association called on its 800 members (90% of all truckers in the West) to shut down. Most did, and 100,000 teamsters found themselves out of work.

Some truckers defected, notably those who specialize in hauling new automobiles from Southern California assembly plants to dealers. Under considerable pressure from the auto manufacturers, who had ample problems of their own (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS), the auto carriers caved in quickly, met the wage demands



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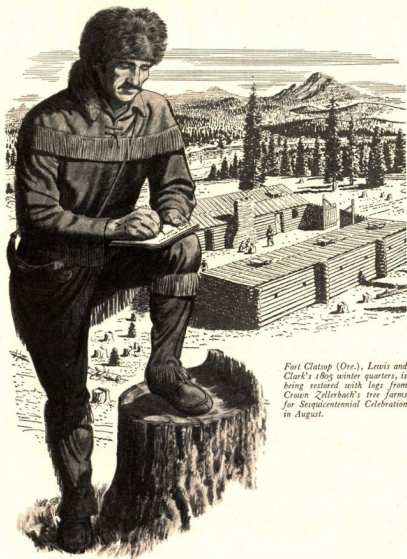


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Fort Clatsop (Ore.), Lewis and Clark's 1805 winter quarters, is being restored with logs from Crown Zellerbach's tree farms for Sesquicentennial Celebration in August.

Charting an Empire

Paper's importance to pioneering was demonstrated 150 years ago by the Lewis and Clark Expedition. Their maps and reports to President Jefferson—carefully recorded on *paper*—blazed the trail for later pioneers and documented the United States claim to our Northwest empire.

Today's pioneers also depend on *paper*—for it is essential to charting new trails in science and education, in industry and government. Crown Zellerbach is managing forests discovered by Lewis and Clark to assure modern pioneers a perpetual supply of *paper* for every use.



CROWN ZELLERBACH

PAPER AND PAPER PRODUCTS SINCE 1870

San Francisco 19

in full, agreed to pay 5¢ an hour to a pension fund.

But most truckers held firm, while Beck's tough lieutenant Frank Brewster and a truckers' delegation hammered out 63 contracts, one by one. Last week they were all signed. The settlement: long-line drivers, who now earn an average \$2.14, won 8¢ an hour more this year, 8¢ more next year, and 7¢ in 1957; to an average \$2 scale, local drivers added 10¢ an hour this year, 10¢ next year, 9¢ in 1957. For pensions the truckers agreed to contribute \$8.65 monthly.

The truckers' united front served its purpose; those who closed their gates got off better than those who caved in. Dave Beck failed to get the sweeping general contract he wanted. But even so, the teamsters got most of the benefits that they asked for.

GOVERNMENT

Mr. Lev Goes to Washington

The U.S. Senate's Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations gets the best shows in the business. A year ago, while all the nation watched, the Army-McCarthy extravaganza played before it. Last week it had Harry Lev.

Lev is a millionaire businessman from Chicago—a capmaker. The Senators were trying to find out just what it was that caused his remarkable success in getting lush cap contracts from the Armed Services textile procurement office. Ohio's Senator George Bender suspected that the half-ton of smoked sturgeon that Lev had given to 38 procurement office employees might have helped—might, in fact, have been bribes. Astonished, Lev answered that the sturgeon could in no sense be considered a gift: "A gift is something a person wears."

"Strike Me Like a Ton." When Senator John McClellan of Arkansas tried to find out how Lev's Mid-City Uniform Cap Co. was able to cut its bid on military caps below competitors after all bids were supposedly in, Lev swore it was all news to him, insisting, "This is really strike me like a ton over my head." Suddenly, he leaped up and began passing around pictures of his plant, refusing to heed Senator McClellan's order to stop. "I'm proud of this plant," he cried, holding up the hearing while he distributed pictures to all the reporters.

Ohio's Bender wanted to know how Lev came to invent the foam-rubber rims he put in his caps. The capmaker said that the answer was not for ladies to hear. Bender insisted. Lev bent over the Senator and whispered loudly: "Made out of the same stuff they make falsies of."

Standing jowl to jowl with Senator Bender, Lev put on an impromptu fashion show, whipping sample hats on and off his head. Bender was curious about Lev's "social" relationship with Mrs. Mella Hort, ex-contract administrator in the Defense Department who had testified that she had visited Lev's hotel room. While admitting that they did not discuss the cap business in the hotel room, Lev

growled indignantly: "A girl works for the Government for eight hours, and there is no U.S.A. stamp on her what she should do after that."

"You Think So?" After four days of this, Bender was exasperated. "You evade!" he bellowed at Lev. "You hesitate, you delay . . . You're a very clever man!" Lev softened. "You think so?" he asked. But his delight vanished when Bender accused him of making "shoddy" hats for the Navy. Lev replied angrily: "I deserve at least from the committee I should get a congressional medal. Never mind accusing my workmanship!" When the subcommittee produced letters from his competitors complaining about the favors Lev mysteriously won from Government employees, the capmaker brushed them aside: "My competitors, they love to see me being in the grave."

For years Harry Lev has been confounding his competitors as much as he



WITNESS LEV

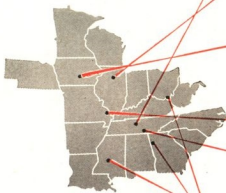
United Press

Such stuff as folsies are made of.

confused the Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations. He can speak seven languages (English, Polish, Hebrew, German, Yiddish, Arabic and Russian), but he can neither read nor write English. He organized his own capmaking firm with \$500 capital in 1925, only two years after he arrived in the U.S. from Russia. He worked day and night, soon found out how to get contracts. Now he is worth more than \$1,000,000.

Harry Lev lives with his wife of 27 years and their eleven-year-old daughter (their other two daughters are married) in a brick mansion near Lake Michigan. Mrs. Lev had her own explanation why the Senate subcommittee was more confused at week's end than it was at the beginning. Said she of her husband: "He is more ethical than the word implies . . . He is just too honest, too sincere for the people who've been questioning . . . He's a dope when it comes to English."

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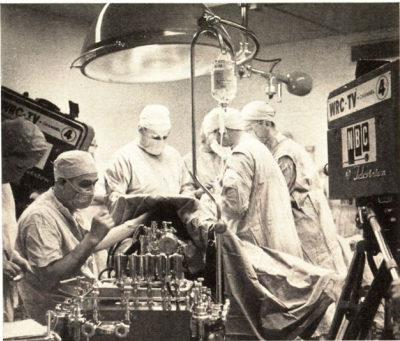
RADIO & TELEVISION

The Week in Review

Three shows stood out in the TV week. One was a nostalgic drama more than two decades old. One was a giveaway show to end giveaway shows. The third was a slice of life televised from a real operating room.

The Barretts of Wimpole Street, presented on the new CBS dramatic series *Front Row Center*, was accented with the pleasant roll of Elizabeth Barrett poetry ("How do I love thee? Let me count the ways"). The best thing about the 1931

televised, 14,000 people, hopefully eyeing the jacket, had begged to be contestants. The lucky two chosen for the first show: Mrs. Thelma Bennett, a pretty housewife from Trenton, N.J. who is an expert on the movies, and Redmond O'Hanlon, a New York cop, who has five children and a wide knowledge of Shakespeare. Mrs. Bennett missed out on the \$8,000 (the question: Name the Columbia movie which won almost all the 1934 Oscars, its stars and its director*), but was sent home with a nice consolation prize: a \$5,250 blue Cadillac convertible.



SURGEONS READY TO OPERATE BEFORE TV CAMERA
The doctor did not watch.

Broadway hit, in fact, was the writing: unlike that of most TV plays, it was at least distinguishable from the commercials between the acts. Beyond the writing, however, *The Barretts* indicated again, as *Front Row Center* did a fortnight ago with *Dinner at Eight*, that it is next to impossible to squeeze a well-known stage play into less than 60 minutes of TV time.

Consoling Cadillac. To carry home the staggering jackpot from *The \$64,000 Question* (Tues. 10 p.m., CBS), the contestant must correctly answer eleven questions spread over four weeks. The first week he can win \$8,000. Then he has a week to decide whether he will risk it all for \$16,000. If he wins, he has another week to worry about whether he will go for \$32,000. If he wins that, he has still another week of anguished self-examination. Should he quit with his \$32,000? Or, with the help of any expert he chooses, should he go for the \$64,000?

Up to a week before the first show was

O'Hanlon, hurdling the \$8,000 barrier (he named the first five of the seven ages of man from Jacques' speech in *As You Like It*), went home to decide whether he will try this week for \$16,000.

After the opening show, the network, sponsor (Revlon) and producer of *The \$64,000 Question* were swamped with phone calls and telegrams by eager people who thought they might be able to give enough correct answers to come home with at least a Cadillac. More swamped, however, was O'Hanlon, whose doorbell and telephone never seemed to stop ringing. Free advice was being handed out lavishly. Some urged him to shoot the \$8,000; others pleaded with him to be satisfied with what he had.

♦ *It Happened One Night*, with Clark Gable, Claudette Colbert. Director: Frank Capra.

♦ Infant, schoolboy, lover, soldier, justice, "lean and slipper'd pantaloon," "second childishness."

Fever Tension. NBC's *March of Medicine* (sponsored by Smith, Kline & French Laboratories and the American Medical Association) televised the removal of a tumor from a woman's breast. The camera was a straightforward reporter, blinking its impersonal eye at nothing. The sober absence of melodramatics intensified the drama of the operation. The TV audience knew that this was the real thing, taking place at Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, D.C. Viewers were also told that if the tumor proved malignant, the operation would continue with the removal of the unidentified woman's breast.

The camera moved in past the masked surgeon and his assistants to a closeup of an incision about 1½ inches long. The surgeon reached into the hole, drew out a lump, cut it off with four snips of a pair of surgical scissors. The two-inch lump was placed in a pneumatic tube, and 45 seconds later it had traveled 2,000 feet to the laboratory. There before another camera, a pathologist examined it under a microscope, ticking off the tumor's characteristics in a matter-of-fact tone. At this point the tension was fever high. Was the tumor cancerous? The pathologist finally said, hesitantly at first, then with conviction: "It's benign. Yes, it's benign."

The camera's realism in the operating room and the unaffected naturalness with which the pathologist did his job packed a tremendous wallop. Fortunately, the woman's husband, an army doctor, had the good sense not to watch the TV show, whose suspense was painful enough for those who did not even know who the patient was. A few minutes after millions of TV viewers heard the verdict, the husband got the good news.

Program Preview

For the week starting Wednesday, June 15, Times are E.D.T., subject to change.

TELEVISION

Front Row Center (Wed. 10 p.m., CBS). *Albion*, the Eugene O'Neill comedy.

Climax (Thurs. 8:30 p.m., CBS). *The Dark Fleece*, a Joseph Hershesheimer story, starring Joan Bennett.

Texaco Star Theater (Sat. 9:30 p.m., NBC). Jimmy Durante, Guest Janet Blair.

Remember—1938 (Sun. 7:30 p.m., NBC). A nostalgic reminiscence of the year 1938 with Host Groucho Marx, Guests Ethel Barrymore, Oscar Levant, H. V. Kaltenborn, Ted Husing.

RADIO

Monitor (Sat. 8 a.m., to Sun. 12 midnight, NBC). A marathon, catchall, weekend show of music, news, drama, etc., etc.

Invitation to Learning (Sun. 11:30 a.m., CBS). *The Letters of Horace Walpole*, discussed by Wilmarth Lewis and Louis Kronenberger.

Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam (Sun. 2:30 p.m., CBS). Eduard van Beinum conducts music by Beethoven and Debussy.



Will this year's Open be the close of Ben Hogan's big-time golfing career?

In this week's SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, the usually tight-lipped Ben, at a mellow 42, talks more freely than he has in a long time:

about his future; about his own sometimes fierce reticence; about what he thinks of the tournament competition nowadays, and his place in it; about his attempts to apply to his club business the principles that have made him for 15 years the nation's most-talked-about golfer.

Hogan tells where and how he lost the Masters last year . . . about one of his best rounds of golf when he posted a 76, and why he won't practice unless the wind is blowing from the right. He tells why he hates to hook, and why he thinks putting is not really part of golf.

"A Talk with Hogan" is a long, revealing, rare conversation, with a rare human being—a close-up that no golf enthusiast should miss.

Yet it's only a part of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's second great Golf Preview of the year—the U. S. Open, which begins June 16th at the Olympic Club in San Francisco. Herbert Warren Wind takes you over the course in 18 new, hole-by-hole diagrams; tells you who to watch for during the 72-hole classic, which might see Sam Snead finally win an Open, or might mark the end of one dynasty of golf champions and the beginning of a new one. (And SPORTS ILLUSTRATED presents a 4-page color portrait gallery, of representatives of both!)

Ed Furgol's on the cover, and also authors this week's "Tip from the Top," on how one small bit of often-overlooked footwork might be what's keeping *your* game up in the 90's instead of down in the 80's.

But it's not just a golf issue. Among other things, there's another Preview, by Bill Talbert, of what may be a historic Wimbledon next month; a complete run-down in story and color of last week's great 24-hour race at Le Mans—and as a special feature, the first of two fascinating articles by Roger Bannister, "The First Four Minutes."

And speaking of golf . . . if your locker room conversation sometimes turns to business:

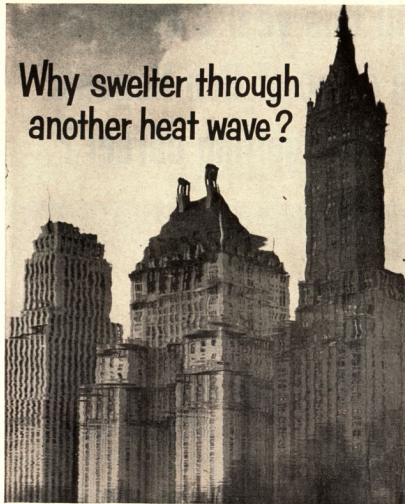
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is on the move! Circulation is now up to 586,000 (Publisher's interim statement). Nearly 400 advertisers have already ordered space for 1955, 72 of them in the last 60 days. And SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is the merchandising wonder of the year: virtually every leading U. S. department store, specialty shop, sporting goods store has tied in not once, but several times, with SI-advertised merchandise.

William W. Holman, Advertising Director, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York

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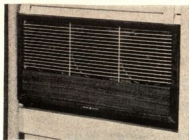
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GENERAL  ELECTRIC

MILESTONES

Married. Maureen ("Little Mo") Connolly, 20, retired world tennis queen (Australia, France, England and U.S. championships in 1953) turned sports columnist (for the San Diego *Union*); and Norman A. Brinker, 24, San Diego State College sophomore and member of the U.S. Olympic equestrian team (1952); in San Diego.

Married. Dr. Roger Bannister, 26, first man to run a four-minute mile, last week named to the Queen's Honors List (see FOREIGN NEWS); and Moyra Elver Jacobsson, 26, professional portrait painter, youngest daughter of Swedish Economist Per Jacobsson, and niece of Sir Archibald Nye, British High Commissioner to Canada; in Basel, Switzerland.

Married. Clara King Stribling, 48, widow of W. L. ("Young") Stribling, Georgia's onetime perennial heavyweight boxing title contender who died following a motorcycle crash in 1933; and the Rt. Rev. Randolph Claiborne, 48, bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Atlanta; she for the second time, he for the first; in Marietta, Ga.

Died. Robert W. Wilcox, 45, often-separated actor-husband of Actress Diana Barrymore; of a heart attack; in his New York Central Railroad compartment en route from Manhattan to Rochester.

Died. Robert Elliot Burns, 63, author of *I Am a Fugitive from a Georgia Chain Gang*; after long illness; in East Orange, N.J. Burns robbed an Atlanta grocery of \$5.85 in 1921, was sentenced to six-to-ten years on the chain gang, escaped and fled to Chicago, where he married and became the \$20,000-a-year editor of the *Greater Chicago Magazine*. Recaptured in 1929, he served another year, escaped again and wrote his colorful account of abuses in the prison camps. His civil rights were restored by the state parole board in Atlanta in 1945.

Died. Walter Hampden, 75, stage, screen and television actor, famed as one of the century's topflight interpreters of high romantic drama; of a stroke; in Hollywood. Hampden scored his first major critical success at 26 in England, as a substitute for Sir Henry Irving in *Hamlet*. His touring repertory company (formed in 1908) brought him fame as one of the most versatile Shakespearean actors of his day. He turned to character roles in the movies (*All This and Heaven Too*, *Sabrina*) and radio, but was unhappy about having to adapt his style to modern low-key scripts. "Continuation of this movement," he said, "can result only in the hobbling of dramatic art."

Died. Pattillo Higgins, 92, Texas oilman who triggered the Spindletop strike near Beaumont which ushered in the oil age; in Houston (see BUSINESS).

CINEMA

The New Pictures

Moonfleet (M-G-M) has a fine midnight flavor of yawning graves, skeletons, gibbeted men, ghouls and things that go bump in the dark. When the sun is shining, the action is further embellished with slashing swordplay, wild chases over fen and moor, and an 80-ft. descent into the deepest well in Dorsetshire. The CinemaScope thriller is based on J. Meade Falkner's classic adventure story of British smugglers, and just as the novel itself was reminiscent of Robert Louis Stevenson, so the movie faithfully echoes other good movies: the graveyard encounter between boy and convict in *Great Expectations* is almost exactly reproduced, while the affectionate bond between a rogue and

and blink in their cozy ground, while overhead the lilies languidly unclench. On the nearest farm the cock insults creation, which unexpectedly replies. A vixen darts among the spluttering hens and carries off her breakfast.

So, as with terror and loveliness a day begins in the woods of central Sweden, begins a picture that with passion, awe and tender intuition takes the watcher deep into the primeval forest, and there turns him loose among the beasts of the field. The film was made under fearful difficulties by Arne Sucksdorff (*Struggle for Survival, Shadows on the Snow*), a 38-year-old Swede who is clearly one of the world's finest film artists.

Disdaining a soft success with trick shots and trick cutting, Sucksdorff stalked the bogs and thickets around his Swedish farm, lying in wait day after day and often most of the night in hope of catching the real right thing. He spent 72 nights in the field during three consecutive Aprils before he found the wood grouse fighting in a satisfactory light. He once waited 28 hours beneath a tree in order to capture a lynx when it came down, and he built 36 kinds of covert before he discovered an adequate way to hide and shelter himself and his camera. The film took three years to complete, cost more (\$120,000) than Sucksdorff had in pocket. His chief baker: Dag Hammarskjöld, Secretary-General of the U.N.

A few of the images:

☞ An eye as vast and luminous as a summer moon looms through a wheat stubble, and a long moment passes before the onlooker realizes that the hare it belongs to sits throbbing in terror of a stalking fox.

☞ As jet planes thunder in the sky, two owls sit thunderstruck upon a tree, looking like two elderly British industrialists who have just been informed of Aneurin Bevan's election to their club.

☞ Fox and otter, puppies both, dart and tangle in a hilarious game of tag.

The nature episodes are woven together in a graceful little story of two small boys (Anders Norborg and Kjell Sucksdorff, son of the director) who catch an otter and hide him in the barn from their parents. The children are as innocent and lovely as the animals, and Sucksdorff has had the wit to let them behave without making them act. His tact, indeed, is everywhere a delight. He sees through his camera's glass, not darkly, but almost face to face with all creation, and it was in that spirit that he one day spoke his creed: "I refuse to rape reality."

Five Against the House (Columbia), like an inept outfielder, juggles a good idea and then drops it. The film starts off in a blizzard of wisecracks as four college boys, on their way back to school, stop off for a few hours of fun in Reno. The brightest of them (Kerwin Mathews) is told that the gambling hells are burglar-proof and, just for kicks, decides to mastermind a perfect robbery. Of course, he



STEWART GRANGER & ENEMY
Things that go bump in the dark.

youngster that illumined both *Kidnapped* and *Treasure Island* is duplicated in *Moonfleet* by Rappacallion Stewart Granger and Orphan Jon Whiteley.

The plot turns upon a lost diamond of great price, but mostly the film is a string of lively, unrelated escapades. Granger plays the picaresque gentleman with style, and seems equally at home embracing a flamenco dancer, dodging thrown knives, or winning a duel with a halberd-swinging smuggler. Jon Whiteley, who distinguished himself in last year's *The Little Kidnappers* (TIME, Sept. 6), proves again that Britain still has the world monopoly on believable child stars.

The Great Adventure (Sucksdorff; Louis de Rochemont Associates). A pool in the forest waits in stillness at first light. The mists are bodied silences. Suddenly, a bird sings, clears his morning throat and tries again. A dewdrop tumbles from its cobweb couch. Fox cubs yawn

I TALKED BACK TO MY BOSS AND GOT \$1,500

By a Wall Street
Journal Subscriber

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KIM NOVAK & GUY MADISON
Kicks in a blizzard.

explains to Fellow Students Brian Keith and Alvy Moore, they will give the movie back after pulling the job.

Then things begin to get sticky. Noble-minded Guy Madison and his torch-singer sweetheart, Kim Novak, are innocently roped into the plot, while College Boy Keith proves more larcenous than larky; it is endlessly explained that his flawed character results from unspecified, but obviously dreadful, Korean war experiences. The robbery plan proves to be nearly as unconvincing as the film itself, but works well enough for Keith to get away with the swag, thus enabling Hero Madison to scramble after him in the final chase sequence. Educational note: in a monologue intended to establish his high I.Q., Student Mathews confidently assures his impressed classmates that ancient Troy was a city in Greece.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Hiroshima. A propagandea-heavy but harrowing Japanese-made film about the atomic destruction of a living city (TIME, May 23).

Violent Saturday. Three thugs rob a bank in a picture as simple and as nerve-racking as a bomb; with Victor Mature, Richard Egan, Ernest Borgnine (TIME, May 16).

Heartbreak Ridge. The infantryman's ordeal in Korea, as experienced by a green French lieutenant and sharply recorded by Director Jacques Dupont (TIME, May 9).

Marty. The love story of "a very good butcher"; home truth and homely humor in the life of an ordinary man—well perceived by Playwright Paddy Chayefsky, well expressed by Ernest Borgnine, Betsy Blair (TIME, April 18).

East of Eden. Director Elia Kazan does his best with one of John Steinbeck's worst novels, and a new star, James Dean, is born of his pains; with Julie Harris (TIME, March 21).



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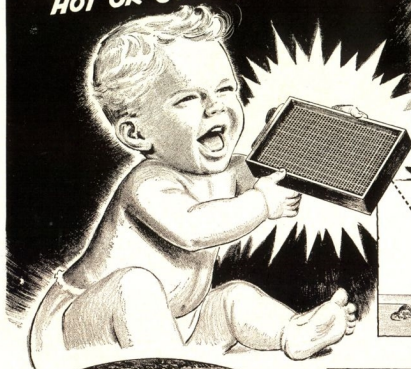
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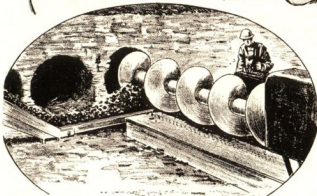
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


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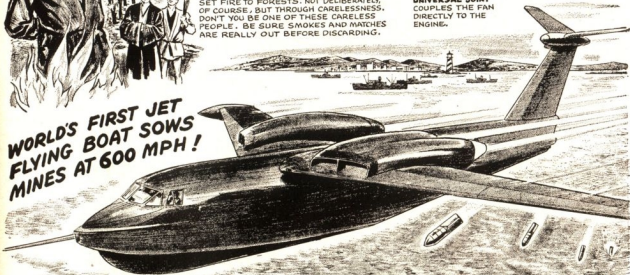
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BOOKS

Wanted: Dream Man

A NEW IMAGE OF MAN (260 pp.)—*Ardis Whitman*—Appleton-Century-Crofts (\$3.50).

"Boy, what a stinker you're going to be next year!" gloats the little boy in the cartoon, as he looks himself up in the child-care book. This is no joke to Author Whitman, who feels that, in living too much by the book and trying to fit himself into patterns, modern man has become a pretty frightening character.

Even before Johnny is in kindergarten, his parents anxiously tick off each signpost of normality, and once he is in school, his teachers want him above all to integrate, to be as well-rounded and easy-to-handle as an apple. As he grows older, the boy can be measured scientifically so he will continue to be a round peg in a round hole. For example, a test will undertake to



AUTHOR WHITMAN
Don't tinker with a stinker.

show not only how good a scientist he might become, but also how likely he is to betray his country. If he wants to be a journalist, he can read a book on "writing for 'people who are just about average.'" He can rate his happiness on a Euphorimeter and check up on his psychological health by answering questions: "Are you plastic? Are you always able to fit in?"

Author Whitman is a Nova Scotia-born magazine writer, wife of a teacher and mother of two grown children. On lecture tours, she has long attacked this slowly hardening concept of man as "a million divided by a million." Even a belief in the existence of the "common man" can be dangerous, for men are apt to behave as they are expected to, and the common man may become deadly common—conformist putty in the hands of science and

society. He does not want to stick his neck out or get his feelings "mixed up" in things. He knows that strong feelings are as dangerous as disease, having read articles like "Emotion Can Give You a Running Nose." He is a pragmatist, a materialist, a "healthy sceptic," a "tough realist"—and Author Whitman warns—he is "as inadequate to our time as a bow-and-arrow on a 20th century battlefield."

Her dream man is the common man's opposite number, a lively, unpredictable fellow, unashamed to be crotchety, who keeps himself as free to judge society as society is free to judge him. He is guided by intuition and feelings as well as custom and intellect, is as concerned with the mysteries of religion and the unconscious as with the certainties of science. He might even become telepathic—there's no telling what he might do. Although he is clearly the product of a feminine imagination—in fact, he has everything but a dimple in the chin—this New Man would be an eminently desirable citizen.

Readers of Social Scientist David Riesman (*TIME*, Sept. 27) will be familiar with many of Author Whitman's ideas and characters; her common man is first cousin to Riesman's other-directed individual, her ideal new man a reflection of his inner-directed person. But where earnest Author Riesman deals at length with economic and political behavior, romantic Author Whitman deals, no less earnestly, with man's inner life, the role of the mystic and of the church, the possibility of rebirth or of what Jung calls individuation. Riesman writes as a social scientist, describing and classifying. Author Whitman comes close to being a preacher. She aims to persuade, and she often does. Many of her readers will reach the happy conclusion that the future of the race lies with all the little stinkers who refuse to eat their Jello, stick their tongue out at Grandma and at fate, and tear up all behavior books within reach.

Bestseller Revisited

THE DINNER PARTY (236 pp.)—*Gretchen Finletter*—Harper (\$3).

Like the edge of a locust swarm, the frontier of Commuterland advances, driving the farmers before it and leaving deposits of white colonial mansions and wrought-iron signs upon the green, tumbled land. But just ahead of the chirking mass, beyond the last bounds of a commuter's endurance, past the Levittowns and past *New Yorkerland* with its split-level houses and split-personality admen and Wall Streeters, lies the land of *Dinner Party*. It is rich farmland which no one farms, populated by Men who have Made their Mark and their families. Their wives scorn elegance in favor of unobtrusive Rightness, are kindly amused by the Locals, find butlers ostentatious and profess a terror of intellectuals. In their houses, their clothes and their mores, they achieve enormous comfort, spending a

lot of money wherever it does not show.

In *The Dinner Party*, this leisurely, secure world is chronicled with grace and unobtrusive humor by a practicing resident. Gretchen Finletter's credentials: she is a descendant of James G. Blaine, a daughter of famed Conductor Walter Damrosch, the wife of lawyer and one-time Secretary of the Air Force Thomas K. Finletter of Manhattan and Bar Harbor, Me. Her heroine is terrified by the very fashionable and the very bright, but Author Finletter is both bright and fashionable. She has written a scattering of plays, and a book of memoirs. Once, for a charity show, she wrote a play called *A Night in the Palace of Prince Ester-*



Martha Holmes

AUTHOR FINLETTER

Beneath the chatter, does one matter?

hazy, with a cast that included Grace Moore, Mrs. Vincent Astor, Mrs. Angier Biddle Duke, Cecil Beaton, Prince Serge Obolensky, and Papa Damrosch himself.

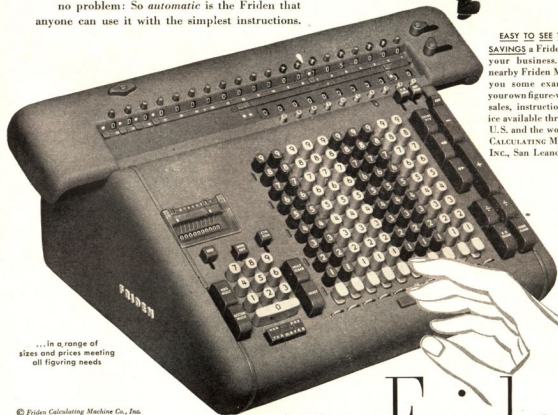
Dinner Party's leading character might just hold her own with an Obolensky, but would feel that she had nothing really adequate to say to an Astor or really adequate to wear for a Beaton. She is more likely to turn up in a creation of three seasons ago, with a not-too-noticeable grass stain on the skirt. *The Dinner Party*, written in diary form, records the daily round of a family just moved from the city while husband Charles writes a book. The diarist-heroine achieves an artless air and a malicious ear for the overtones that lurk in unguarded speech. Through a long summer she copes with daughters, coddles temperamental Roza the cook, and Toona the city-bred maid, who remarks ominously that "the country is awfully quiet." She gets distractedly involved in the church fair and in the problem of finding an extra for a "little dinner" ("Charles says . . . he will attend to it. Am stunned with gratitude and surprise").

She tries to play Democratic politics

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(Charles, of course, is a Republican) and daydreams about being an important and witty Power behind some great man's throne. She is at her most gallant and most futile in trying, while having her hair trimmed, to talk her college-age daughter out of an unsuitable attachment: "Time is running out so move in a little faster. Tell her I am so very fond of Bowie. Linda responds, Yes, he certainly can charm the birds off the trees. I go on and say, Of course you have so much to offer, dear, Linda asks, How do you mean? I then lose my head, jump the gun, and cry, All I want is your happiness, and my eyes fill with tears. Linda throws down her scissors and exclaims, Mummie! Are you trying to have *A Little Talk*?"

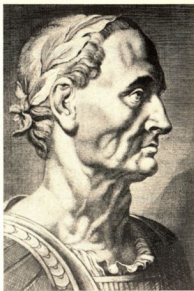
Watching airmen on parade at a nearby base, *The Dinner Party's* hostess is seized by a sudden feeling of inadequacy. "I sit there facing the plain truth that I just do not count." Perhaps not. But for that idle time, before Charles comes down for cocktails, *Dinner Party* is charming chatter, with just a lemon-twist of real wit. It is the kind of book a woman likes because it is So True, and may even beguile an idle husband. The time it takes passes pleasantly, and there is always (twice a day on the branch line) a train back to the outer world.

Biggest Roman of Them All

JULIUS CAESAR (205 pp.)—*Alfred Duggan—Knopf (\$2.50).*

Author Duggan has come to unbury Caesar, not to praise or blame him. It takes some digging. Shakespeare casually sketched in the great Roman in his tragedy and pivoted his play around the character of the tormented liberal. Brutus. Casting Shakespeare in modern dress, Orson Welles sleight-of-handed Caesar the role of a fascist. Hollywood's Joe Mankiewicz saw his Caesar as a kind of tired, pompous stockbroker. Shaw's hero in *Caesar and Cleopatra* is a worldly-wise but disenchanted superman whom power has made not mad, but sad. Front-rank Historical Novelist Duggan (*The Little Emperors*) throws dirt on these literary ghosts by spading straight for the facts and unearthing many a fascinating shard from ancient Roman political life.

Nailing Up Heads. Like most of the Roman ruling class, Caius Julius Caesar was a somebody at birth. He liked to trace the family tree right to Rome's legendary founder Romulus, and even claimed kinship with Mars and Venus. When he was born in 100 B.C., his uncle-by-marriage Marius was in his sixth consulship, a personal reign as unprecedented in Roman history as F.D.R.'s four terms were in U.S. history. The two major parties, the Populares and the Optimates, and factions within them, had already begun a bloody jockeying for power that sometimes clogged Roman sewers with corpses. The Populares were a mass party of planners and share-the-wealthers, founded a generation before by the Gracchi. The Optimates were a conservative elite of class-conscious constitutionalists. Marius



CAIUS JULIUS CAESAR
Home the bald adulterer.

was a leader of the Populares, and in 88 B.C. the Optimates, under the generalship of Sulla, ran him out of town and nailed the heads of his leading followers up in the Forum. Later Sulla was to spare young Julius, but warned, "One day this man may destroy the cause that you and I uphold. For this Caesar is worth six of Marius."

Caesar went off to soldier in Asia, at 18, and won both honor and disgrace. For saving the life of a fellow soldier in combat, he was decorated with the cherished Civic Crown. Flawless in courage, he also showed a streak of sordid opportunism. Bargaining for the much-needed fleet of King Nicomedes of Bithynia, Caesar was faced with one condition; the King would lend his fleet "if the handsome young Roman noble would sleep with him." Although he was always known as an enthusiastic ladies' man, Caesar agreed, and felt he had done his country a patriotic turn. He failed to see that he had outraged all highborn Romans, who did not necessarily disapprove of homosexuality, but felt that Caesar had prostituted himself.

Three's a Crowd. During the next 20 years, Caesar climbed nimbly up the Roman ladder of state offices—quaestor, aedile, praetor, consul. He became a proper pol. He curried favor with Crassus, the richest man in Rome, and married off his daughter to Pompey, the most powerful. By 59 B.C., the famed Triumvirate, or rule of three, had begun, and at first Caesar did not find three a crowd. Caesar was 39 before he had an active troop command, 41 when he began his conquest of Gaul; yet he proved a legendary general. As Author Duggan describes it, his tactical genius was speed and surprise, his psychological genius was knowing the breaking point of his own men. In a tight spot, he could pick up a broadsword and lead a charge with the doughtiest of his centurions. He never killed for fun, but

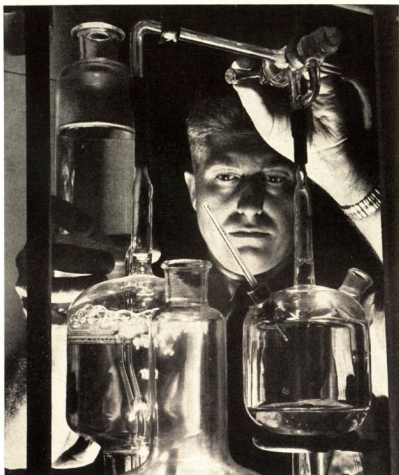
he killed wholesale. Many Romans were shocked when his legions slaughtered 430,000 Germanic tribesmen in one day, when their envoys were actually in Caesar's camp seeking peace. Five years later, the Senate, pushed by Pompey, ordered Caesar to lay down his command; instead, Caesar crossed the Rubicon and marched on Rome.

Heritage v. Historics. In 65 days he was master of all Italy. As his troops swaggered into Rome, they sang: "Home we bring the bald adulterer. Romans, lock your wives away." A cowed Senate voted him dictator-for-life. Caesar was supreme and lorded it over his social peers, showing what Author Duggan considers his "one weakness, a contempt for the self-respect of his fellow men." "Why don't you make me restore the old constitution?" he taunted a venerable Senator who failed to rise in his presence. For such taunts he paid at the base of Pompey's statue.

The great merit of Duggan's *Caesar* is that he is not a tailor's dummy draped in a thesis. Professional historians from Tacitus to Mommsen have cloaked Caesar in dissertations about one-man power, the Roman constitution, and the pros and cons of emperors and empires. On the other hand, Duggan feels no need to give Caesar a coating of grease paint so he can strut the stage. Author Duggan has grasped the elusive obvious, that great men are measured by heritage, not historics. As Duggan sees it, Caesar's enduring heritage was divided into three parts: he 1) set the boundaries of Italy just about where they are today, 2) was responsible for the Julian calendar of 365 days, 3) brought France into the community of nations and fixed the civilization of the Mediterranean world into the mold which still contains it. The dagger-wielding son of his onetime mistress to whom he gasped "*Et tu, Brute*" may have been the noblest, but Caius Julius Caesar was certainly the biggest Roman of them all.

Mixed Fiction

THE TRUSTING AND THE MAIMED, AND OTHER IRISH STORIES, by James Plunkett (220 pp.; Devin-Adair; \$3), is the work of a brand-new Irish author, a Dublin trade-union official who writes excellent short stories on the side. When he wants to, as in a glitteringly ironic piece called *The Wearin' of the Green*, Jim Plunkett can mount as savage an attack on his country's new nationalist ruling class as the most delirious Liffeside rabble-rouser could croak for. When in another mood, as in a spine-stiffening tale of men rattling and fighting against Britain's unforgotten Black and Tans, he can brew the strong, peat-smoked stuff of Irish patriotism. But most of these stories, dealing with humble Dubliners, plead nothing more special than the heartbreak of man's own making. A clerk breaks a leg running out on the girl he gets into trouble; his father's cast-off shoes hurt a schoolboy's heart much more than his feet; a tottering old watchman asks a Mass for the soul of a soldier



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he had killed as a youth. Together, such simple and tenderly told stories make a haunting picture of a Dublin not so very different, after all, from the Dublin of Joyce's short stories.

NO COUNTRY FOR OLD MEN, by Warren Eyster (597 pp.; *Random House*; \$4.95), is the slowest-starting melodrama since John Hersey covered umpteen pages before breaching *The Wall*. To fill his big picture of violence in a strike-torn Pennsylvania steel town, Novelist Warren Eyster starts 50 years back and paints all the ancestors as carefully as the main figures who finally dominate the canvas. Never relenting for so much as a chuckle, Novelist Eyster fastens his eye on personal as well as social change ("Irene had become a better person. She appeared to have learned that sacrifice was not necessarily a kindness, and that kindness was itself more important . . ."). One result is that men and women of inherited privilege, who change only slowly, are far less sharply drawn than his self-made types, who thrust through the community on the drive of their greed, hate and hope. When action finally and awesomely explodes, the upper-crusters crumble to bits. An old steelworker's sons, the power-vaunting Bart Mijack and his murderous brother, destroy their family, their union, their community and, in a last, lurid, mountain-top climax, their own lives. This is a big, dark, earnest book with all its wallop in the last pages.

Asia's Lindbergh

TIGER OF THE SNOWS (294 pp.)—*The Autobiography of Tenzing of Everest*, written in collaboration with James Ramsey Ullman—Putnam (\$4.50).

This is the success story of the onetime yakherder who, with New Zealander Edmund Hillary, went to greater heights than any man before. Tenzing had won the chance to climb Everest by being the gamest and surest of the bellows-chested Sherpa tribesmen who lugged packs for sahibs scrambling up Himalayan peaks. But people were not sure of his nationality, or even how to spell his name. Today, this Nepal-born mountaineer is a sort of Asian Lindbergh, hailed by millions in the East as a heroic symbol of their true capabilities, and worshipped by many as the Lord Buddha reincarnated. He owns a race horse and receives the public at a smart new house on a hillside in Darjeeling, India. For the ghosting of an autobiography he cannot read he commands the services of one of the most practiced and high-priced writers in the mountaineering business. James Ramsey Ullman (*The White Tower, The Age of Mountaineering*) has filled Tenzing's book with plenty of good writing, cliff hangs, avalanches, frostbite and windy nights on bald mountains. The result is polished, often deeply moving, but rather on the twicetold side. Tenzing, however, has saved for this book one bit of information he has never hitherto confirmed: "Hillary stepped on top first."

MISCELLANY

Theme & Variation. In Washington, newsmen were barred from the Government information officials' luncheon at which Commerce Department Information Director Albert Leman delivered a speech entitled "Mum's Not the Word—A New Look at Public Information."

Switch Hitter. In El Centro, Calif., after her first class in defense tactics at the Women's Group of the Imperial County Sheriff's Reserve, Mrs. Ruby Solomon went home and woke husband Ben, told him to swing at her, got a lusty clout on the side of the head, remembered too late that she and the other ladies had been defending against right-hand blows and that Ben was a southpaw.

The Large View. In Bangor, Me., flying over the city in an Air Force jet plane, eagle-eyed Police Chief John B. O'Toole spotted an auto double-parked in front of the Merrill Trust Co., radioed Police Radio Dispatcher Richard Whittemore to have it ticketed.

Hero's Reward. In Hoboken, N.J., city officials decided to recall the fancy hedges handed out to civil defense auxiliary policemen after learning that they were being used to get free admission to the movies.

Wet Rag. In Birmingham, when he returned home and found a dozen lawn chairs scattered about his front yard after a party given by his wife, Clem Clark, 39, angrily piled them together and burned them, was arrested and fined \$50 for setting a bonfire without a permit.

I The Jury. In Budapest, the state radio announced that the dean of the law faculty of Lorand Eötvös University was sentenced to three years in prison for lifting cash from the university till for a big night at the faculty's "Justice Ball."

Sporting Gesture. In Los Angeles, arraigned on a charge of assault with a deadly weapon for stabbing her paramour, Edward Burton, 28, Nancy Jean Barrett, 30, explained to police: "I didn't stab him, I threw the knife at him, and I thought he caught it; I guess he did."

Entree. In Montgomery, Ala., R. H. Wright was fined \$25 for vagrancy after Waitress Mrs. L. L. Goldman testified that he had strolled into the Old Barn Restaurant, ordered a breakfast of two eggs, then settled down for a two-day stay during which he posed as the new manager, did all the buying, hired a new cook.

The Big City. In Edinburgh, Scotland, Vacationer Leslie Howes, 43, went out to see the town, got lost, five days later asked police to help him find his boarding house because it was time for him to go home to Yarmouth.

Austria's white-water skiing left me

black and blue

1 "You've got to keep your head to keep your feet in Austria's warm-weather version of downhill skiing," writes an American friend of Canadian Club. "One false move can mean a ducking or worse in the sport invented by Austrian ski champ Harald Strohmeier. First called 'skiyaking' by a U. S. cameraman, the name has stuck. But after a bruising upset in a race down the Salzach River, I didn't call it skiyaking—I called it quits!"



2 "Skiiyaking's gear includes 'skis,' plastic balloons to keep them afloat and bindings that release in emergencies. The big danger, Strohmeier warned, is being dashed against rocks by the current."



3 "A spill cooled me off on skiyaking. Before I'd gone 30 yards, a tricky cross-current dumped me into the icy, glacier-fed torrent. Strohmeier and a friend were at my side in seconds, but not before that numbing mountain water had battered me against a boulder midstream."



4 "Austria's hospitality is as warm as her waters are cold. At the Gasthaus Barbarahof, near the great castle at Werfen, it even included Canadian Club!"

5 "Wherever the rivers run white you find skiyak enthusiasts. Among them, as among people everywhere, you find Canadian Club a favorite."

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